





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



By the way, I am a

man

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Q. Bartholomew

Cap: Chris: Hill:
Cambridge

From

April 9th 1864

N.R.I.

P O E M S

BY

EMMA TOKE



FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

1866

LONDON :
PRINTED BY J. AND W. RIDER,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

PR
5671
T33A17
806

NICOLAS TOKE.

FROM HIS MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

BELOVED ! on this festal morn,
The birthday of another year,
What welcome offering can I bring
To thee, of all on earth most dear ?
No gem of price from eastern lands,
No rare or costly gift have I,
Only a few wild flowers of song,
A wreath of gentle poesy.

And though to other eyes less fond,
But worthless all their hues would be,
Yet, dearest, still I know full well,
That precious they will seem to thee.
And oh, within the faithful heart,
What pure and joyful feelings spring !
To think affection priceless deems
The smallest offering love can bring.

To me these youthful lays recall
 The dreams and thoughts of former years,
 Till every scene that gave them birth
 Returns with all its hopes and fears
 I see the shades of other days
 Revive with every artless strain ;
 And, wrapped in Memory's dreams, retrace
 The hours that ne'er can come again.

But never did their heart-warm strains
 With faults so few appear to me,
 As when thou badest me trace once more
 These records of the past for thee.
 That task is done ! Then take this gift
 From one to whom thou art so dear,—
 And keep, still keep it, for the sake
 Of her whose hand hath traced them here.

Another year of peace and love,
 With noiseless steps hath reached its close,
 And only found us still more blest
 Than when its first pale beam arose :
 Mercy hath still each blessing spared
 That crowned with bliss our lot below ;
 And one sweet flower, which bloomed not then,
 Sheds fragrance o'er our pathway now.

What blessing for the coming year,
 Dearest, can I implore for thee ?—
 The best ; that sent to us in love,
 Pleasure and pain alike may be :

That we may still, through every change,
Our best affections fix above,
And share together joy or woe,
With mingled hearts and changeless love.

E.

January 1st, 1839.



BALAAM.

NUMBERS xxiii. 24.

NIGHT'S veil of darkness slowly melts away,
 And rosy clouds proclaim the coming day.
 See ! gathering light illumines the eastern sky,
 And, quenched in day, the lingering shadows
 fly :

Now one by one the fading stars expire,
 And all the glowing sky seems wrapped in fire,
 Till, rising slowly o'er the mountain's brow,
 Which shines in hues of varied beauty now,
 All bright and glorious comes the orb of day,
 And pours on Moab's land his golden ray.
 Glad Nature smiles, and Jordan's distant streams,
 Now glistening, dance beneath his fiery beams ;
 While in the limpid wave reflected clear,
 The glowing clouds and gorgeous skies appear.
 Still o'er the earth the mists of morning rest,
 And shroud in silver robe the mountain's crest,
 O'er every object cast a veil of snow,
 And hide in mantling clouds the plains below.
 But now the balmy zephyr gently breathes,
 And slow ascending all in dewy wreathes,
 The curling vapours rise from off the land.

And bright once more her vales in beauty stand.
 But lo ! what scene unlooked-for meets the eye ?
 There, far and wide, the tents of Israel lie,
 In snowy whiteness o'er the distant plain,
 Like heaving billows on the restless main,
 And scattered wide, in countless numbers, seem
 To those who gaze—the phantoms of a dream !
 “ How came they there ? Oh ! can they, can they be,
 The far-famed race who passed o'er Egypt's sea ?
 And led by fire at last have reached our land,
 The blest of Heaven—the dread, resistless band ?
 They must not linger here ! They dare not stay !
 Arise, ye stranger tribes, and haste away ! ”

But see ! on yonder mountain's towering brow,
 What fiery beacons beam in brightness now !
 Their form and sacred number seem to tell
 Of some dark heathen rite, or mystic spell.
 And who are they who stand in silence there,
 And watch the flames that flickering rise in air ?
 One bends on Israel's tents his anxious gaze,
 Then turns to him who feeds the brightening blaze,
 As if to trace in that dark, sunken eye,
 Some passing gleam to light Futurity ;
 And seems to watch, with mingled hope and fear,
 For those dark words he inly longed to hear.
 'Tis he ! 'tis Moab's king !—and with him stands,
 Deep musing o'er the wide-spread stranger bands,
 That gifted man—that far-famed haughty seer,
 Whom king and people all alike revere.
 That day he came to meet his lord's behest,
 And curse the tribes whom God himself had blest !

To blast the peaceful race he deemed his foe,
 And call the aid of Hell to work them woe ;
 While king and people stand around to hear
 Those awful words—those thrilling tones of fear !

And do they think their vain and childish wrath
 Can cast one darkening cloud across the path
 Of those whom God himself vouchsafes to bless,
 And lead to joy and peace and happiness ?
 Oh ! when will man at last awake to see
 His true condition here, and bend the knee
 To Him whose hand directs this earth below,
 And pours for all their cup of joy or woe ?
 That impious rite is o'er, the sacred fires
 Are sinking fast, and Balaam now retires
 To see if God perchance will meet him there,
 And deign to grant his dread unhallowed prayer.
 But Balak rests beside the altars still,
 And waits in silent awe to hear His will :
 Yet o'er that changing cheek and darkening brow
 The clouds that pass each varied feeling show,—
 The mingled hope and fear, and, more than all,
 The wild desire to see a nation fall
 Beneath the awful curse's withering sway,
 And like an evening meteor pass away !
 But, lo ! the prophet comes ; his eagle eye
 Is lit with lustre beaming from on high.
 And o'er his features, pale and sad till now,
 A more than earthly lustre seems to glow.
 The Lord hath met him ! Balak, haste, draw nigh
 And hear the words of Him who cannot lie.
 O'er Israel's tents the prophet gazes now,
 Till bursting forth these heaven-taught accents flow:—

“ Rise, Balak ! king of Moab, rise !
 From where yon mountain meets the skies.
 Thy word thou know’st has brought me here,
 To curse for thee yon peaceful band,—
 Far-famed through many a distant land,—
 Whom thou dost hate, yet inly fear.

“ How can I curse whom God hath blest ?
 How can I cause one cloud to rest
 On those whom He vouchsafes to love ?
 How can I dare their tribes defy,
 Or bid their countless numbers fly,
 When He their strength and might will prove ?

“ For from the rocks I view him now ;
 His bannered lines and tents of snow
 From every tower and hill I see.
 Yon tribes, whose numbers none can tell,
 Alone upon the earth shall dwell,
 Nor numbered ’mid the nations be.

“ Oh, Jacob ! who thy dust can count ?
 Or who can tell the vast amount
 That swells thy more than earthly bliss ?
 When hence my parting soul must fly,
 Oh ! let me like the righteous die,
 And be my latter end like his !”

He pauses now. Slowly the heavenly ray
 That lit his gleaming eye has passed away,
 And lost in thought he stands, till o’er his ear
 The monarch’s tones of mingled wrath and fear
 Come like the voice which breaks the mourner’s sleep,
 And calls him back from dreams of bliss—to weep.

“What hast thou done? False, fickle Balaam, say.
To curse my foes I brought thee here this day;
I bade thee curse, and thou hast dared instead
To pour the richest blessings on their head.”

“And must I not what God hath said declare?”
The prophet calm replies. “I only bear
The message He hath sent by me this day:
He bade me bless, and could I disobey?”

“No, Prophet, no; but come with me again
To where yon mountain rises o’er the plain;
Thine eye beholds their countless numbers here,
From thence their utmost parts alone appear;
Again we’ll light the fires and pour the prayer,—
Perchance the Lord will let thee curse them *there*.”

The scene is changed, and now on Pisgah’s height
The noontide ray is glancing fiercely bright;
Whilst all around Creation’s glories seem
To droop in faintness ’neath that fiery beam;
In vain the aching vision seeks to rest
On yonder valley’s calm and verdant breast,
For plain and mountain, rock and forest, now
Dazzling alike in painful lustre glow;
While far beyond, in glittering whiteness clear,
The boundless plains of desert sand appear.
No zephyr breathes to fan the sultry air,
No welcome cloud, no shadow dims the glare,
But all alike must droop beneath its power,
And long once more to greet the evening hour,—
That hour of still delight and tranquil rest,
Which charms the eye, and soothes the anxious breast.

So calm, so bright,—alas! so quickly past,
In every land the loveliest, though the last.

But when the noontide sunbeam fiercest glows,
And stretched in nerveless languor all repose,
See, see! in Zophim's field, on Pisgah's brow,
The same dark forms are moving slowly now,
And once again those sevenfold beacons rise,
In flickering lustre, towards the dark blue skies.
The spell is wrought, the mystic rite is o'er,
And Balaam goes to meet his God once more,
While faint and worn the panting nobles rest
Their weary limbs on earth's maternal breast.
But no repose the monarch yet requires,
He restless paces round the fading fires,
And starts at every leaf that stirs in air,
Expecting still to see the prophet there.
He comes at last! Bright is the heavenly ray
That o'er his glowing features seems to play.
But Balak silent waits, in anxious fear,
The words he longed yet scarcely hoped to hear;
Whilst awe, and many a feeling undefined
Of coming woe, sweep o'er his restless mind,
And vengeful thoughts he would not man should know.
Now fire his eye, and cloud his darkening brow.
“What hast thou heard again?” at last he cries.
And thus in words of power the seer replies:—

“Rise, Balak! King of Moab, now draw nigh
And hear:—God is not man that He should lie,
Or son of man, to change once more
The word that He declared before.

Oh! hath He said,—and shall He not fulfil?
 Or spoken,—shall He not perform it still?
 “Behold! behold! I bear His high command
 To pour a blessing on yon favoured band!
 Yea, He, their God, who reigns above,
 Hath digned to gird them with His love.
 And mortal man cannot reverse for thee
 His sovereign will, or change His high decree.

“For, lo! iniquity He hath not seen
 In Jacob’s race; no evil there hath been:
 God is among them, and there rings
 Amidst their hosts the shout of kings.
 The Lord has led them forth upon their way,
 And He will prove their constant strength and stay.

“Thrice blessed race! Each dark unhallowed spell
 For woe to Jacob wrought shall surely fail.
 Oh, yes! in other, distant days
 Full many an eye shall love to gaze
 On Israel’s heaven-led course with wonders fraught,
 And humbly cry, ‘What hath Jehovah wrought?’

“For, lo! as with the dark returning night
 The lion rises girt with kingly might,
 So shall yon favoured nation rise;
 So shall they lift them to the skies,
 Nor rest till, like the forest monarch’s prey,
 Each rebel foe shall bow beneath their sway.”

Again the trance is o’er! In silent awe
 He stands, deep musing on the scene he saw,

When, wrapped in prophet visions, Israel's might
 And future glory rose before his sight.
 When heavenly radiance burst the mantling gloom
 That veils from human eye long years to come ;
 And many a yet far distant scene of light
 Beamed through the mist of ages shadowy bright,
 And showed in dim relief the wondrous plan
 Of love and peace to fallen, guilty man.
 But he who heard, with gathering fear and wrath,
 Those words of blessing poured on Israel's path,
 Can now no more his grief and dread contain.
 "Oh ! curse them not, but bless them not again !"
 He sadly cries.

"Nay, told I not to thee
 That every word the Lord vouchsafes to me
 I must declare,—nor dare my lips to seal
 For thee, O King,—but all He speaks reveal ?"
 Thus says the seer ; but Moab's monarch, still
 Unawed and restless, now declares his will
 To try on Peor's lofty brow once more
 The mystic spells so vain and weak before,
 And see if God perchance would hear his prayer,
 And let him curse the chosen people *there*.

And dost thou think, O vain and impious man !
 That time or place can change the wondrous plan
 Of Him at whose command primeval Night
 On dusky pinions winged her rapid flight ?—
 When from the mass of dark chaotic strife
 This beauteous world first rose to life and light,
 And all the countless orbs that gem the sky
 Began to tread their viewless path on high.

While angel voices loud the chorus swelled,
 And seraph hymns Creation's morning hailed?
 Oh! pause and think. By His Almighty power
 Yon glorious orb on high, earth's lowliest flower,
 Alike were formed. Each changing earthly scene
 Controlled and planned by Him alone has been.
 His searching eye can pierce the night of years,
 His hand directs all human hopes and fears
 To one great end. And dost thou think for thee
 That He will alter now His high decree?
 Oh, no! Pause, then,—the impious thought is vain,—
 Nor dare to tempt His righteous wrath again.

'Tis evening's hour. The parting orb of day
 Now pours on earth his last and brightest ray,
 Still fondly lingers ere he sinks to rest,
 And lights with golden beams the burning west;
 While all the floating clouds that gem the sky
 Reflect in rosy tints the crimson dye.
 How bright and peaceful all around appears!
 Fair eve in silence weeps her dewy tears,
 As if she pensive mourned another day
 For ever gone, for ever passed away,
 And all its lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
 Now numbered 'mid the dreams of other years,
 To live no more, save when the mental eye
 Unlocks the treasured stores of memory,
 And bids departed hours of joy or pain
 In bright delusion start to life again.
 All Nature seems to rest in bright repose,
 While softly still the parting sunbeam glows.

Gilding her lovely scenes with melting light,
 And tints of varied hue, so fair and bright,
 That every heart must feel the moment's power,
 And own thy magic charm, oh, loveliest hour !
 There Jordan's distant waves roll clear and bright,
 Each rippling billow glows with golden light,
 And hill and vale—the torrent sweeping by—
 The olive woods—the smiling earth and sky—
 The cool and fragrant breeze, which bears along
 In mournful notes the bird of evening's song—
 The spicy sweets that fill the perfumed air,—
 All, all combine to form a scene so fair,
 So soft and calm, that e'en the aching breast
 Must feel its sorrows lulled awhile to rest,
 And wakening hope a ray of comfort fling,
 To gild the darkest spot on Memory's wing.

But see ! where, on Mount Peor's lofty brow,
 In purple hues the evening sunbeams glow,
 Again, again, those sevenfold mystic fires
 Now lift on high their bright and wavy spires :
 Oh ! can it be, though twice refused before,
 That Moab's monarch dares again to pour
 His impious prayer to Him whose sleepless love
 Had made the threatened curse a blessing prove,
 And caused the cloud that seemed so dark with wrath
 To shed but gladness o'er his Israel's path ?
 'Tis true, alas ! Once more the altars rise ;
 The flames ascending greet the darkening skies.
 And now the rites are o'er—the offerings slain ;
 But Balaam dares not tempt the Lord again :
 He sees no power of earth or hell can stay

The hand of Him whose word all must obey :
 Therefore he seeks unhallowed aid no more
 (Alas! too often sought and felt before),
 But lost in thoughts of mingled joy and pain,
 He mutely gazes on the distant plain,
 And ponders o'er the wondrous scenes of light,
 The years to come which rose before his sight ;
 The visioned dreams, in long and bright array,
 That marked the course of one eventful day.
 Above expands Judea's cloudless sky,
 Beneath his feet her lovely valleys lie :
 The Land of Promise, bathed in sunlight, seems
 Some fairy paradise of poet's dreams !
 Yet Nature's fairest scenes he heeds not now,
 But turns to where the desert spreads below ;
 Those dreary plains, those boundless wastes of fear,
 Where clouds ne'er shed one soft refreshing tear,
 But burning sands, in viewless distance spread,
 All faint and worn the weary pilgrims tread,
 And o'er the dim horizon sadly gaze,
 To mark at once the warning purple haze,
 And fall to earth before the victor, Death,
 Comes borne upon the flying Simoom's breath.
 Woe, woe to him who mocks that herald light,
 Or dares to watch the fell destroyer's flight !
 He ne'er shall see his distant home again,
 But sink unwept upon the desert plain,
 And leave his bones fast whitening in the gale,
 To tell each passer-by the mournful tale !

Still wrapt in thought the musing prophet stands,
 Intently gazing o'er those dreary sands ;

For there, clear seen against the evening sky,
 In marshalled lines the tents of Israel lie.
 Each varied tribe encamped apart he sees,
 Their bannered ensigns streaming on the breeze ;
 And in the midst—alone, on holy ground—
 Beneath the arching cloud which floats around,
 That sacred place, where God himself descends
 To guard and guide the race His love befriends,
 And hold mysterious converse, high and dread,
 With him by whom their countless hosts are led.
 Thrice holy spot ! there still the towering cloud
 By day extends its dark and awful shroud,
 To guide o'er trackless wastes the chosen band,
 Who seek with pilgrim-steps their promised land ;
 And through the hours of darkness glows with light,
 A giant torch to break the gloom of night,
 And bid the sons of Jacob peaceful sleep,
 For still their God a ceaseless watch will keep,
 And guard from danger all who slumber there,
 With quenchless love and yet unwearied care.

Still deeply musing o'er their long array,
 Now bathed in sunset's last declining ray,
 The prophet stands upon the mountain's height,
 His wild locks streaming on the breeze of night,
 Till earthly thoughts and feelings all expire,
 And o'er his soul, on wings of living fire,
 The Spirit comes ! Lo ! now in lengthened train
 The forms of future years arise again ;
 And visioned empires, stretched in long array,
 Come dimly "towering on,"—then pass away :
 While far beyond, the glorious latter days

In scenes of wonder meet his raptured gaze ;
 And one bright Star—one orb of heavenly light,
 Sheds gathering radiance o'er his spirit's night,
 Till thus, with kindling eye and heaving breast,
 As if with streams of burning thought oppressed,
 His hallowed words come o'er the monarch's ear,
 In tones of peace he loved not *then* to hear !

“How lovely 'neath that evening beam
 Thy bannered lines, O Israel, seem,
 Far stretched in beauty o'er the desert plain !
 Like gardens by the river's side,
 Like cedars near the sparkling tide,
 Thy wandering homes repose in peace again !

“Yes, Jacob shall indeed be blest !—
 By many a stream his seed shall rest,
 And lift his ensign towards the boundless skies.
 Before him every foe shall bow,
 And mightier far than Agag now,
 In glorious power his King shall soon arise.

“From Egypt's land of fear and pain
 The Lord hath brought him forth again,
 And led him safely on with monarch hand :
 His arm shall bring distress and woe
 On every prond rebellious foe,
 And sweep with terror all their vanquished land.

“Now, like the couching lion's rest,
 He slumbers on the desert's breast ;

But who shall rouse him from his fierce repose ?—
 Blessed be he who blesseth thee,
 Oh Jacob!—doubly cursed he,
 Who dares to wish for thee, earth's thousand woes !”

Like lightning flashing through the darkened sky,
 Bright gleams the monarch's fierce and wrathful eye :
 He smites his hands in mingled grief and pain,
 “ Oh Prophet ! *dare* not mock me thus again !
 I brought thee here to curse my deadly foe,
 And thrice thy traitor lips have blessed him now :
 Hence ! haste away !—I thought to raise thy name,
 But lo ! the Lord hath kept thee back from fame !”

“ Nay, monarch—blame me not,” replies the seer,—
 “ For told I not to those who brought me here,
 That if thou shouldst thy richest boons bestow,
 And give me all that man can need below,
 I still must humbly bow before the Lord,—
 Nor dare to go beyond His holy word ?
 And now no longer here must I remain,
 But turn to seek my mountain home again :
 Then hear, oh king ! and I will tell to thee,
 What in the lat'er days shall surely be :
 And how yon wandering pilgrims fearful *then*,
 Shall cause thy people woe and dread again.

“ Oh ! I shall see Him—but not now ;
 Before Him all that live must bow :—
 For lo ! a Star shall rise in Jacob's land,—
 A Sceptre shall from Israel come,
 To seal accursed Moab's doom,
 And pour dismay on Sheth's devoted band.

"Then Edom shall no more be free ;
 And Seir ! thy foes shall compass thee :
 For Israel's sons must rise in power again :
 And He who in that latter day
 Shall hold the world beneath His sway,
 From Jacob's land of peace shall rise to reign.

"But thou, oh haughty empire ! thou
 The first among the nations now,
 Thine end shall be destruction, fear, and woe :
 And though yon Kenite's lofty nest
 Is fixed upon the mountain's crest,
 And proudly towers above the plains below ;—

"Yet must she slowly waste away,
 Until that dark and stormy day,
 Where Asshur's band shall close her dark career,
 And bow her haughty sons again
 To wear the captive's galling chain,
 And shed the exile's bitter, hopeless tear.

"Yea, ships shall come from Chittim's coast
 To smite devoted Asshur's host ;
 And Eber, too, shall then for ever fall.
 But, when those fearful days arrive,
 Alas !—alas ! who *can* survive ?—
 Oh ! who shall meet Thy wrath, dread Lord of all ?"

He pauses now—the prophet trance is o'er,—
 The vision fled—to come again no more !
 'Tis gone !—like yonder sun's departing ray,
 The heavenly beam has passed for aye away,—

And never more shall that unearthly light
 For him illumine the shadowy future's night,
 Or chase away his darkened spirit's gloom
 With scenes of joy and glory yet to come.

No longer there the awe-struck group remain,
 But turn to seek their distant homes again ;
 And 'neath the rising star of evening's ray,
 Silent and mournful now retrace their way.

Soon o'er fair Moab's hills and sparkling streams
 The silver crescent sheds her melting beams ;
 O'er the dim woods and Jordan's heaving breast,
 Brightly her trembling lustre seems to rest.
 And bathes in watery light yon desert plains.
 Where now at last Night's thrilling silence reigns
 And gentle sleep, on noiseless pinions borne,
 Descends to shed sweet peace o'er those that mourn,
 And steep awhile in dark oblivion's rest,
 Full many a weary form and aching breast.

Almost four thousand years have passed away
 On wings of speed, since that eventful day,
 And they who then from Pisgah's lofty brow
 Beheld the wandering tribes encamped below,
 Long, long have met the fate of mortal birth,
 And sleep forgotten in their kindred earth.
 Life passed away ! Beyond the eastern wave
 The haughty monarch fills an unknown grave ;
 And he upon whose soul the Spirit's flame
 So oft in streams of burning lustre came,

'Mid scenes of bloodshed closed his strange career,
 And found at last a soldier's gory bier.
 But say, oh, Prophet! did that heavenly light
 Which rose in beauty o'er thy raptured sight,
 And bursting through the veil of shadowy gloom
 Which shrouds the varied scenes of years to come,
 Displayed to thee, though dim and far away,
 Heaven's glorious hour—earth's best and brightest day ;
 Say, did its radiance, like the meteor light
 That swiftly shoots across the brow of night,
 But flash one moment o'er thy darkened mind,
 Then pass away, nor leave a trace behind ?
 Or did its cherished hope with gladdening power
 Illume the darkness of thy parting hour,
 And o'er the grave redeeming lustre shed,
 To cheer the anguish of thy dying bed ?
 Oh, vain the thought! To God, thy God alone,
 The secret workings of thy heart are known.
 We judge thee not : but in that awful hour,
 When girt with might, the Lord of Life and Power
 Again amid the world's fast gathering night
 Shall burst on earth, a sun of glorious light ;
 When all the countless tenants of the grave,
 And they who sleep beneath the rolling wave,
 Shall startled hear the piercing trumpet call,
 And wake to meet the coming Lord of All ;
 Oh! mayest thou *then*, with wrapt, unshrinking gaze,
 Behold at last the full meridian blaze
 Of that fair Orb, that bright and morning Star
 Whose first pale radiance glimmering from afar,
 Came o'er thy spirit's visions dimly bright,
 And shed on all around its dawning light.

Oh, mayest thou then, when Israel reach their home,
No more in sadness or reproach to roam,
Rejoice with them, and join the grateful strain,—
“Glory to Him who died, but lives again ;
Glory to Him who bought us with His blood,
The Lord of Life, the spotless Lamb of God !
Glory to Him ! though mocked and scorned before,
Now, now He comes ! to reign for evermore !”

E.

October, 1832.

SUNSET.



ID varied hues of light and shade,
 The sun at last has died away ;
 While silvery vapours linger round,
 As if to shroud his parting ray.

How calm and pure that bright expanse !
 It seems to have no earthly bound ;
 The shadowing clouds look dark and sad,
 But clear and peaceful all beyond.

It looks as if no sound of strife
 Could reach that calm and sunny sphere ;
 A blest abode of peace and rest,
 Untinged by grief, unknown to fear.

And, oh ! 'tis like the spirit's rest,
 As seen from this our world of care ;
 Though earthly scenes are dark and sad,
 Yet all is bright and peaceful there.

E.

Torquay, January 31, 1831.

LINES.



Hail! when on yonder moon I gaze,
 And watch how bright her watery rays
 On yon dark hills serenely rest,
 And shine on sleeping ocean's breast.

I love to think her silver beam
 Now falls on many a well-known scene,
 And gilds with light as soft and clear,
 The land of all to me most dear.

And when I glance on high and feel,
 Perchance of those I love so well,
 Some kindred eye is gazing now
 On yon fair planet's glittering brow;
 The cheering beam of silver light
 That trembles o'er the gloom of night,
 In softening accents seems to say,
 The friend I think on thinks of me!

E.

Torquay, February 3, 1831.

LINES.



Y days on earth as yet are few,
 And bright has been their early morn;
 Yet still my heart has learned to know
 That every rose must bear a thorn.

Ah, yes! no long-expected day,
 No promised pleasure comes at last,
 Without some cloud to dim its ray,
 Some thought of sorrow near or past.

'Tis ever thus, since that dark hour
 When earth received her awful doom,
 And felt the curse's withering power
 Tinge all her loveliest scenes with gloom.

The hopes, the joys that mortals prove,
 While through her fallen realms they roam,
 Have some dark spot, ordained in love,
 To make them feel earth's not their home.


But all shall not for ever sigh,
 The bow of Hope still gilds the gloom;
 There is a light enshrined on high,
 There is a life beyond the tomb.

Then be it mine to seek the way
 That leads to that eternal morn;
 That dawning beam of endless day
 Where blooms the rose without a thorn.

E.

Torquay, December 22, 1830.

LINES.


 EE yonder Star! that brilliant orb of light,
 So calmly gliding through the dark blue sky.
 Its soft and placid beams reflected clear
 On ocean's heaving breast. There, like the ray
 Of hope first dawning on the darkened mind,
 Serene it shines, while all around is gloom.
 How calm, how fair the scene! All nature rests,
 And e'en the rocking billows seem to sleep
 Beneath the moon's mild ray, which sheds a line
 Of quivering light upon their heaving breast,
 As if bespangled with a thousand gems.
 All, all is deep repose! Oh! hard the heart
 And cold the eye that could unmoved gaze
 On that fair scene, nor feel one softening thought,
 One moonlight gleam of gentle memory pour
 Its melting radiance on the inmost soul,
 And light again sweet days for ever flow.

E.

Torquay, December 24, 1830.

LINES.



H! come and view these scenes so fair,
 These rocky heights, yon foaming main;
 Oh, come and breathe this balmy air,
 Which sheds new life through every vein.

Oh, come! we'll roam o'er hill and dale;
 We'll climb the rugged mountain's side,
 And watch the distant sparkling sail
 Gleam brightly o'er the heaving tide.

For well I know thine eye can gaze
 With joy on ocean's boundless waste,
 And loves to mark the evening rays
 Shine calmly on his waveless breast.

And then by yonder sea-beat shore,
 Where rocks and mountains frown around,
 We'll hearken to the billows' roar,
 And linger still to catch the sound.

That awful sound, that ceaseless roll,
 Which since this world to being rose,
 Has echoed on from pole to pole,
 And will, till time itself shall close.

Then come, then come! I long with thee
To gaze on Nature's face once more ;
For well may I desire to see
Those days again I've seen before.


But soon I trust the day will come,
When thou with us again shalt dwell,
Though thine is now a distant home,
Far, far away ; till then, farewell.

E.

Torquay, October 19, 1830.



THE AURORA BOREALIS.

 O silver moon with trembling ray,
 No twinkling stars arise,—
 The last faint light has died away,
 And darkness veils the skies.

But see! a pallid lustre streams
 O'er yonder heaving main;
 The waves are sparkling 'neath its beams,
 And dance in light again.

And now with stronger, redder glow,
 It rolls along the sky,
 Till all the watery waste below
 Reflects the crimson dye.

What can it be—that fitful light!
 Now soft as evening's ray,—
 Now like the storm-cloud, fiery bright,
 Then fading all away?

It is the wondrous meteor-blaze,
 The brilliant Northern light;
 Which breaks and gilds with friendly rays
 Their long and dreary night.

It shines upon their ice-built homes,
With soft and beamy glow ;
And led by it the traveller roams
O'er boundless plains of snow.

How like is that rejoicing light
To Hope's bright, cheerful ray,—
Which onward points, and turns the night
Of deepest gloom to day!

E.

Torquay, January 20, 1831.



LINES.



H yes! 'tis sweet indeed to gaze
 On Nature's face so fair,
 And see the varied forms and charms
 That Heaven has planted there.

That heart in truth is cold
 That can view with careless eye
 Her awful mountains piercing
 The clear and deep blue sky ;
 Their cloud-capped summits crowned
 With everlasting snows,
 While on their rugged sides
 The sunbeams calm repose ;
 And the roar of torrents mingling
 With the moaning of the breeze,
 As it sweeps around the mountain's brow,
 Or sighs among the trees :
 All these exalt and awe the mind,
 And lift the thoughts on high,—
 While scenes long past, and hopes to come,
 Float past the mental eye.


And Nature has her softer scenes,
 Almost as fair and bright,—
 Where gentle slopes and wooded hills
 Combine to please the sight ;

And all around's so calm and still,
 So gentle and serene,
 That mingled feelings wake a sigh
 Of pleasure and of pain :
 For wakened Memory brings the thought
 Of years long passed away,
 While Hope looks on to scenes of bliss
 In brighter worlds of day.

And e'en on these wild desert plains,
 Where Nature's charms are rare,
 E'en here mine eye can always find
 Some object bright or fair :
 For though no towering mountains rise,
 Or wooded plains appear,
 Yet even Nature's loneliness
 Has something calm and dear ;
 And as brightly here yon sun
 In setting splendour glows,—
 And as calmly on the hills
 The evening stars repose,—
 And yon fair moon is gliding on,
 Her soft pale rays as bright
 As if on richer, lovelier scenes
 She shed her silvery light ;
 And oh ! the thought of happiest days
 Spent on these lonely plains
 Will make their memory dear to me
 While ever life remains.

E.

THE SKYLARK.


 EE! starting from her grassy lair,
 The Skylark springs aloft in air,
 And wings on high her rapid flight
 Towards yon blue realms of cloudless light,
 Till, mounting still, she seems at last
 A speck in ether's boundless waste!
 Say,—borne upon her rapid wing,
 Shouldst thou not love on high to spring,
 And far above this world of care
 Roam free through crystal fields of air?
 But ah! her upward flight is past;
 From those bright realms descending fast
 She quickly falls;—her flight is o'er,—
 She plants her foot on earth once more.
 And thus, on Fancy's pinions borne,
 Bright scenes of bliss the mind can form:
 And, raised above this world of woe,
 Can dream of bliss unknown below;
 Till—short that slumber's peaceful reign—
 The spirit wakes to earth again.

E.

May 31, 1830.

THE LAST.



HE last! the last! that sad, that thrilling
word,

How at its sound the inmost soul is stirred :
From it what depths of 'whelming sorrow
flow,

The dirge of hope, the fullest note of woe.

The last!—fond Memory wings her rapid flight,
And swift revisits all her scenes of light :
Those parted hours, which e'en when tinged with pain,
She weeps to think she ne'er can see again.

For oh! each well-beloved and native scene,
Where every spot has long familiar been,
Where many a bright and joyous hour has passed,
Ne'er looks so lovely as when gazed on—last.

And when with bursting heart we bid farewell
To those more dear than ever tongue can tell,
What 'whelming grief, what more than mortal pain,
To think on earth we meet no more again.

Yet in the closing scene, when Death's dim eye
Sees Time and all its joys for ever fly,—
Oh! *some* can smile o'er earthly perils past,
And deem that hour the brightest, though the last.

E.

June, 1832.

ACROSTIC.

GREEN are thy vales, and softly swelling
hills,
Lovely thy glassy lakes and sparkling rills;
And oh! how fair thine ancient woods,
which stand

Still calmly scorning Time's relentless hand,
Still firm in stately pride! while clear below,
Like mirrored dreams that o'er the fancy glow,
On yonder water's pure and waveless breast,
Undimmed their forms in bright delusion rest!
Grey are thy crumbling walls—yet still to me,
Home of my fathers! dear thy scenes shall be.

E.

March 9, 1833.



LINES.



H! when some lone familiar strain
 Pours o'er the ear its melting tone,
 How swiftly memory flies again
 To scenes and hours for ever flown.

Yes! like the voice of one beloved,
 It thrills upon the inmost heart,
 Till slumbering thoughts long, long unmoved,
 Again to life and being start.

And as each lingering cadence dies
 In sweetness on the spell-bound ear,
 Oh! swift the cherished forms arise,
 Of all to whom its tones were dear.

The loved—more loved than tongue can tell,—
 The far away,—the cherished dead,—
 Each scene where Fancy loves to dwell,
 And feed on hours for ever fled;

All, all return to bless our sight,
 Though joy perchance be tinged with pain,
 And o'er life's billows, calm and bright,
 The torch of Memory beams again.

'Tis passing sweet, when Music swells
 With power and magic all her own,
 To feel some loved remembrance dwells
 Enshrined in every breathing tone;

And think *our* image too may rest
 Embalmed in such sweet numbers' flow,
 And rise o'er some still faithful breast,
 Undimmed by absence, joy, or woe.

Perchance the wish may seem but vain,
 Yet still to me the thought is dear,
 From fond affection thus to claim
 The meed of gentle Memory's tear.

Then oh ! not yet ye numbers cease ;
 Breathe, breathe again that mournful air :
 'Mid Nature's tears the bow of Peace
 In mellowed light is beaming there !

E.

May 8, 1833.



PETER WEEPING.

ES, weep—weep on ! No marvel now
 That fast those scorching teardrops rain
 Yet seem not, as they darkly flow,
 To cool or calm thy burning brain.

The pangs which rend thy tortured heart,
 Each deep convulsive sob may show,
 And every bursting groan impart
 The secret of some 'whelming woe.

Alas ! alas ! at this sweet hour,
 When all is starlit, calm, and clear,
 Too well mayst thou in secret pour
 The meed of many a heart-wrung tear !

But who that 'neath the morning's beam
 Beheld thy glance so proud and free,
 Or heard thee vow to die for Him,
 Who soon will gladly die for thee,

Could think, ere falling eve, that eye
 Beneath a woman's scorn would quail,
 And thrice those coward lips deny
 The Gracious Friend once loved so well ?

Yet, ah ! 'tis true !—the deed is done !
 Betrayed by all most loved below,
 The Lord of Life is left alone,
 To drain the last sad cup of woe.

And thou—the first to own thy Lord,
 To boast thy love of all the best,—
 Hast *now* but deeper plunged the sword
 That pierces through His bleeding breast.

And yet thy tears of anguish flow,
 Thy soul seems wrung with grief untold ;
 Oh ! what could wake that tide of woe,
 Or melt a heart so dead and cold ?

Did Heaven's fierce thunders burst thy trance.
 Or fear thy guilty bosom move ?
 Ah, no ! 'twas one mild, sorrowing glance,
 One look of wronged but changeless love.

No storm can bid the torrent flow,
 When bound in Winter's icy chain ;
 But let the sunbeam smile, and lo !
 The waters leap to life again !

And thus the bolt of wrath might *bow*,
 But could not *melt* thy frozen heart ;
 Yet, touched by Mercy's kindly glow,
 How soon the gushing waters start !

Then weep thou on, but let thy tears
 Be those of soft, repenting love ;
 And let this hour, through future years,
 A beacon-star of warning prove.

So shalt thou rise from depths of woe,
 With humbled heart but soaring eye,
 To run a glorious course below,
 And win a Martyr's crown on high.

Such was thy lot! And oh! may He
 Whose one soft glance could win thee home.
 Now look, as then He looked on thee,
 And bid each wandering spirit come.

Yes, may He touch each hardened heart,
 And lead them on with "cords of love;"
 To fill like thee their earthly lot,
 And share Thy glorious lot above!

E.

May 20, 1833.



LINES.



THOUGH many a joy with sunny glow
 May gild the lot of man below,
 And bless his sojourn here,
 So chequered is life's fleeting day,
 That ere the smile has passed away
 'Tis saddened by a tear.

And though on some the clouds of wrath,
 Which scarce have dimmed another's path,
 May pour their fiercest gloom,
 Yet *one* the lot of all hath been,—
 A dread of sorrow yet unseen,
 A fear of woe to come.

When dimly to the mental eye
 The vista of futurity
 In lengthened train appears,
 Though bright the bow of Hope may beam,
 Yet still its fairest visions seem
 To shine on falling tears.

Then Fancy wakes her thrilling powers,
 And summons up dark 'whelming hours,
 Though still perchance afar ;
 Disclosing scenes of joy and light
 For ever plunged in dreary night,—
 A night without a star.

For there we see the forms so dear,
 The treasured ties that bind us here,
 Departing one by one,
 Till every friend has passed away,
 And we, in life's declining day,
 Are left to weep alone.

Sad, sad the thought ! but not to all ;
 Oh, *some*, when deep the shadows fall,
 And all around is drear,
 Can see the future's threatening form,
 Yet calmly meet the coming storm
 Without one doubt or fear !

For they can view the thorny way,
 Still lit by Heaven's unfading ray,
 That many a saint has trod ;
 Then lift their hearts and hopes above,
 To rest upon a Father's love,
 And trust their all to God.

Thrice happy they ! for who could fear
 The storms of life, if One be near
 The raging waves to quell,
 Or feel, though every friend were gone,
 A wanderer on earth alone,
 If God be with him still ?


Then, Lord, be Thou to every breast
 A Star of hope, an Ark of rest,
 While here on earth we roam ;
 And, oh ! whate'er our lot may prove,
 Still guard us with Thy changeless love,
 And guide us safely home.

Then though earth's meteor lights decay,
And joys are fading fast away,
Our hearts at peace shall be ;
And e'en the darkest path seem bright,
If, through the storm and shades of night,
It leads at last to Thee.

E.

June 26, 1833.

FAREWELL!


 Is it not strange, some simple word,
 That scarcely o'er the senses stole,
 Yet seems to touch a mystic chord,
 Which vibrates through the inmost soul?

Yes, tones that lightly met the ear,
 May thrill the heart with joy or pain ;
 And Hope's gay smile or Memory's tear,
 A word may wake to life again.

But, oh ! of all the sounds impressed,
 With piercing power no tongue can tell,
 There's none more deeply wrings the breast
 Than that one touching word, Farewell !

Farewell ! how oft those accents seem
 To break affection's blessed sleep !
 To start the spirit from her dream,
 And wake the lonely heart to weep !

For, oh ! that feeling is *so* drear,
 When those we dearly love are gone ;—
 A moment past, and they were here,
 But now we're left to weep alone.

Yet, when the parting hour draws nigh,
When struggling griefs each bosom swell,
What heart, though bursting, ere could fly
The last 'embrace, the wept Farewell?

Oh, yes! if we *must* part again
From those on earth we hold most dear,
There's mournful pleasure 'mid the pain
Of fond affection's parting tear.

Yet still that word, so fraught with gloom,
Must pierce the heart with lightning power,
Until that blissful time be come
When all shall breathe "Farewell" no more.

E.

February 20, 1834.



LINES.



II, no ! thou shalt not be forgot ;
 Thou still mayst claim fond Memory's
 tear,
 Though lowly was thine earthly lot ;
 And oh ! how brief thy bright career !


Thine was a pure and shining light,
 Still brightening on to perfect day.
 Which beamed upon our raptured sight
 One fleeting hour, then passed away.

Deep, holy love, and dauntless faith,
 Filled all thy heart with quickening power ;
 Peace, joy, and hope illumed thy path,
 And glory crowned thy parting hour.

And though the grave now wraps thy rest,
 Thy bright example still can shed
 A holy influence pure and bright,
 A fragrance breathing from the dead.

Yes, all who here retrace thy worth,
 Must heave a fervent, prayerful sigh,
 Like thee to pass their time on earth,
 And oh ! like thee to soar on high.

THE KEEPSAKE.


 S o'er thy fairy page I gaze,
 Thou treasured gift of one most dear,
 Amid the scenes of other days,
 A form beloved seems hovering near ;
 And though 'tis silence all around,
 A well-known voice methinks I hear :
 A long familiar, gentle sound,
 Comes falling softly o'er mine ear.

For, oh ! whene'er thou meet'st mine eyes,
 A thousand memories lost till now,
 Touched from their slumber swift arise,
 And wear again life's sunny glow.
 Yes, thou canst strike the mystic chain
 Which binds together kindred souls,
 And seem to draw them close again,
 Though wide between them ocean rolls.

But yet a dearer feeling still,
 Thou fairy volume ! rests on thee,—
 The thought that one beloved so well,
 Though far away, remembers me.
 Then welcome here ; while friends must part,
 While sadly falls the farewell tear,
 To every warm and faithful heart,
 Affection's gift must still be dear.

March 31, 1837.

A DREAM.


 T that still, calm, and awful hour,
 When sleep with all her silent power,
 Sheds sweet forgetfulness and rest
 O'er many a glad or aching breast ;
 When mimic scenes of joy or pain
 Sweep swiftly o'er the slumbering brain,
 Illumed by Fancy's vivid beam,
 I dreamt (alas ! 'twas but a dream !)
 That o'er a path, unknown, untried,
 I slowly wandered by thy side ;
 And though for long our footsteps trod
 The mountain heath, the verdant sod,
 Or wound along some mossy dell,
 No weariness I seemed to feel :
 For as in many a long past day,
 Thy converse sweet beguiled the way,
 Till hill, and vale, and streamlet past,
 We reached the mountain height at last.
 There, bathed in evening's golden ray,
 A lovely land before us lay ;
 It seemed a calm and beauteous spot,
 Where care and pain might be forgot,
 And worn out heart, or weary breast,
 At last find happiness and rest.

But, lo ! across our onward path
 A river dashed in foaming wrath,
 And rushed along with deafening roar
 Between us and the lovely shore.
 We paused : across the torrent flung.
 A light and trembling structure hung.
 Though based upon the solid shore,
 It seemed to tremble at the roar
 Of every billow tipped with snow,
 Which rushed along the rocks below !
 I stood entranced, with awe-struck ear,
 That music of the waves to hear,
 Then gazed upon that watery grave—
 The bridge which trembled o'er the wave,—
 And eager still to reach that shore,
 I could not, dare not, venture o'er !
 'Twas then that thy sweet voice of peace,
 Assuring, bade my terrors cease,
 And asked, “ Would I now turn and flee,
 Nor strive to stem the tide with thee ? ”
 With thee ? Oh, what would I not dare,
 Thy lot on earth in heaven to share !
 I paused no longer,—side by side,
 We feared no more the foaming tide :
 And though the waters raged around,
 Till earth seemed trembling at the sound,
 We passed that torrent hand in hand,
 And safely reached that lovely land
 Where we could gaze on dangers past,
 And calm delights now reached at last.

Morn came,—that blissful dream was gone.
 I woke once more, and all was flown ;

But oft that fiction of the brain
 Has come to bless my sight again,
 And oft I've thought how sweet 'twould be
 To wander through this world with thee :
 Not o'er its paths of false delight,
 Where joy and mirth may greet the sight,
 Yet turn to sorrow in the grasp
 Which strives their fading forms to clasp ;
 But o'er that bright though narrow way,
 Where joys are found which ne'er decay,
 With thee to roam, and by thy side
 To stem life's dark and stormy tide ;
 Together every ill to bear,
 Together joy and sorrow share,
 And reach *at ere* that peaceful shore,
 Where all shall toil and weep no more.

E.

May 23, 1834.



THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.



E lilies of the field, ye fairest flowers
Of all which bloomed of old in Eden's bowers,
And since thence exiled have this world
arrayed

With beauties time hath varied, ne'er decayed ;
To ye the pensive heart still turns again,
And seeks for wisdom never sought in vain.
For though we view with ever fresh delight
The rose's blushing hue or tinted white,
Each cultured gem of Flora's wide domains;
Or, wandering far, behold, where Nature reigns,
Those wilder sweets which o'er creation wave,
And deck alike man's cradle and his grave ;—
Yet still on thee, thou fair and graceful flower,
There seems to rest a deeper, holier power,—
A charm which long survives thy transient bloom,
And sheds its lustre o'er thine early tomb :
For who, fair queen, can view thy peerless form
Glance in the sunshine, bend beneath the storm,
Or turn on high those purple streaks which glow
Upon thy bosom else of purest snow,—
Nor think of Him, the incarnate Son of God,
Who, while on earth His pilgrim footsteps trod,
Chose thee from all earth's glorious things and fair,
For man a lesson fraught with love to bear,

And bade the faithless sons of Adam see
A Father's changeless love portrayed in thee ?

Oh! on thy form what human eye can gaze,
Nor turn from thee to long-departed days,
To Judah's once-loved land, so trebly blest,
Where throned on earth the Almighty seemed to rest.
Where all was peace and joy ? How changed now !
The brand of wrath imprinted on her brow,—
Her altars reft,—her glory passed away,—
Yet lovely still 'mid ruin and decay.

But oh! sweet land, thine own majestic flower
Calls not to mind alone thy days of power,
When, 'mid the Temple's gorgeous treasures found,
In imaged wreaths the lily twined around ;
But when her form of beauty towers on high,
Long years depart ; and bright on Fancy's eye
Far scenes revive :—beneath thy cloudless skies
She sees in thought the mountain's brow arise,—
The listening group who silent stand around
One Godlike Form, and long to catch each sound
Which falls from lips whose glowing accents seem
To pierce the souls which hear with heavenly beam.
And o'er each melting heart in mercy pour
Such words of love as earth ne'er heard before.
Hark! how He bids all Nature wisdom yield,—
“ Behold,” saith He, “ the lilies of the field ;
No life of anxious thought or pride is theirs,
They toil not, spin not, feel no earth-born cares.
Yet David's son, in all his pomp of power,
Was not arrayed like yonder simple flower ;

And oh! if God so clothes the flowers which bloom
 In youth to-day—to-morrow find a tomb,—
 Shall He not much more all your sorrows share,
 Your wants supply,—for you all good prepare,
 Ye faithless hearts, who cannot trust His care?"

Such was the lesson, fraught with holy power,
 Breathed forth on thee!—and since that long past hour,
 Such are the words which o'er thy snowy leaves
 In threads of light the hand of Fancy weaves.
 Oh! that each heart which marks thy form so fair,
 Could rise in faith to Him who placed thee there;
 And learn from thee, though all be dark and drear,
 To trust His changeless love and ceaseless care.

E.

August 25, 1834.



THE STARS.



Oh ! can it be, that like a gem of light,
 I see another world roll slowly on ?
 Oh ! can it be that yon faint sparkling orb
 Is some vast globe like this, some circling
 sphere,

From chaos called to be the glad abode
 Of living, breathing millions ? framed perchance
 With all that most delights or thrills the heart
 In Nature's wonders ; mountain heights sublime,
 The waving forest, and the rushing stream ;
 Each scene of calm repose or awful power,
 Which *here* enchants the eye, or lifts the soul
 To commune with Eternity, and feel
 The nothingness of man compared to Him
 Who framed them all ? Oh, wondrous thought, to feel
 Yon trembling spark upon the midnight sky—
 Yon star—contains the same. Nor it alone,
 For lo ! fast starting from the dark blue depths
 Of ether's boundless sea, unnumbered orbs
 Now brightly cluster o'er the brow of Night,
 And gem her dark expanse with drops of gold,—
 Worlds rise on worlds. What human eye can scan,
 What finite mind can grasp the wondrous whole ?
 Yet there they shine,—and countless as the tears
 Which Evening weeps upon the glistening plain,

Unceasing tread their viewless paths on high,
 And seem to bid the vainly searching mind,
 Which strives to reach their height, still higher rise,
 And view the Wondrous Hand which formed them all.

Ye countless orbs! ye sparkling isles of light!
 Perchance the glad abodes of peace and rest,
 Where blessed spirits glide o'er crystal paths,
 And tune their harps to ceaseless songs of praise;
 Or else in sweet repose await the hour
 When they, returned to earth, shall join once more
 The forms wherein they tabernacled here—
 The fleshly forms so dear to mortal eye,
 Then purified from earth and all its stains,
 Then raised again in heavenly lustre fair,
 To meet their coming Lord:—oh, who can gaze
 On ye, bright watchers of the silent night,
 Nor feel the spark of Heaven's immortal fire
 Which sleeps within him, kindle at your beam,
 And bear his glowing spirit far away
 From earth-born scenes, to roam through fields of space,
 And soar from world to world—till, 'wildered, lost
 Amid the wondrous works of Nature's God,
 He turns again to earth, and feels at once
 A worm,—and yet, a never-dying soul.

And when the sated eye descends once more
 To rest upon the starlit plains of earth,
 Oh, fair the scene which meets that raptured gaze;
 So still and calm the slumbering world appears,
 So fraught with breathing beauty. All is peace:
 No sound of life now breaks the deep repose,
 No gentle breeze with whispering murmur stirs

Yon foliage, glistening with the dew's of night,
 And earth and sky alike are hushed to rest ;
 While mirrored on the water's waveless breast,
 Like dreams of fancy bright, but fading still,
 The gemlike stars in mimic beauty shine.
 It is an hour to calm the troubled heart,
 To shed its own deep stillness o'er the soul,
 And fill the breast with Nature's deep repose :
 For all looks fair beneath the dim, soft light,
 Which o'er the world in mellowed lustre falls,
 From yonder countless lamps of living fire.

I love your gentle light, ye mystic orbs ;
 It clothes with tenfold beauty every charm,
 Yet casts in shade each spot which seemed by day
 To mar the prospect, or deface the scene.
 How like that light the beam which memory sheds
 On those dear forms of life—once glad and gay,
 And loved, perchance, *too* fondly loved while here,—
 Now sleeping low to wake on earth no more !
 Their sun hath set, their day is quenched in night,—
 But oh ! that starlight radiance still illumines
 Their earthly course with melancholy beam,
 And lights again their chequered path below ;
 Clothes every long-loved grace with richer hue,
 O'er every beauty flings a deeper charm,
 But fondly casts oblivion's shadowy veil
 O'er each light spot, which still, alas ! *must* stain
 Earth's best and dearest. All which *once* she blamed,
 Affection now forgets. Her lost ones sleep,
 Lovely in life, in death more lovely still.

E.

October 17, 1834.

SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

IS sweet to me, at evening's hour,
 To gaze upon the glowing west,
 And watch the Autumn sun once more
 In peaceful glory sink to rest:

For though no more his golden beams
 Illume young Summer's laughing bowers,
 As bright his parting lustre streams
 On yellow leaves and fading flowers.

Yes, glorious orb! 'mid death and gloom,
 While Nature's worn and weary frame
 Seems sinking to her yearly tomb,
 Thou art unchanging and the same.

Thousands of years have passed away,
 Yet, Lord of time, thou beamest on,
 Bright as when first thy dawning ray
 On young Creation's morning shone.

And now thy radiance streams once more
 On yonder woods all sere and brown,
 Which Autumn's hand hath mantled o'er,
 With mournful beauty all her own.

It glances on the mountain's crest,
 And shines upon the fading leaves :
 Falls on the water's sparkling breast,
 And gilds each ripple as it heaves.

And yet, 'tis sad to see that beam
 Smile on the wan and pallid flowers,
 And gild again, with transient gleam,
 The wreck of Summer's joyous hours.

The falling leaves bestrew my path,
 The earth her garb of mourning wears :
 And e'en the breeze's whispering breath
 A tone of gentle sadness bears.

It is a melancholy hour ;—
 Oh ! who on such an Autumn day
 But deeply feels the oppressive power
 Of Nature's touching, calm decay?

Silent and still she sinks to rest,
 Majestic in her hour of woe ;
 And soon upon her dreary breast
 Will fall the shroud of wintry snow.

But all unmoved, though reft and lorn,
 She stands to meet her yearly doom :
 And calmly waits, till Spring's bright morn
 Shall burst upon her icy tomb.

For see ! amid the wreck of all
 Which decked awhile her glorious fame,
 Brightly the changeless sunbeams fall,
 A pledge that she shall rise again.

Yes, summer suns again shall shine,
And verdant woods and langhing flowers
Shall deck thy form, O earth! and twine
Their wreaths around thy leafless bowers.

But who that saw thee fade, may see
Thy bright return of beauty then?
It reckes not, if they die like thee,
To bloom in purer life again.

E.

October 27, 1834.



TO THE REDBREAST.



SING on, sweet bird! thy plaintive tone
Falls sweet yet mournful o'er the ear,
For now, alas! thy notes alone
Are heard to wail the dying year.

That year is trembling on the verge
Of long past Time's unfathomed deep,
With thy sad voice to sound her dirge,
While sinking to her last long sleep.

She must away!—her hour is come!
She only waits her midnight knell;
And then departs to seek the tomb
Where ages past in darkness dwell.

And though, save thine, each voice is gone,
Which swelled for her when glad and gay,
Still, faithful bird, thou warblest on,
To mourn yet cheer her dying day.

As sweet as then thy wild notes fall,
Though all around is sad and drear,
And swiftly Nature's shadowy pall
Is closing round another year.

Another year, another year!

Canst thou, departed one, be fled?
And is there left but memory's tear
For thee, thy hopes, thy fears, thy dread?

Alas! no more; thy bygone days
No mortal eye again can see:
And lo! the sun's departing rays
Now brightly beam their last for thee.

Yet mayst thou linger, till the gloom
Of midnight tells thy day is done:
Then torchlight stars shall light thee home;
Thou must depart! thy race is run.

Farewell, thou mother year; thy doom
Is nearly sealed: yet mayst thou see
Thy daughter rising from thy tomb,
To dawn, to pass, to die like thee!

Her shadowy form now greets our sight,
But none her onward course can see;
No eye, save One, can pierce the night
Which mantles dark futurity.

But oh! whate'er our span may prove,
In that dim future yet afar,
May Heaven's unfading lamp of love
Shine o'er us as our guiding star.

Yes; may each ever-circling year
Find us, as swift it passes o'er,
More meet for that celestial sphere,
Where Time itself shall be no more.

E.

December 31, 1834.

E. J.



THOU art gone at last to thy peaceful rest.
 In the noon of life thou hast met thy
 doom,
 And the fire which glowed in thy saintly
 breast,
 Is quenched in the night of the lonely tomb.

Thou art gone ; but thou canst not soon depart
 From the breasts of those who have loved thee here :
 They will cherish thee deep in their inmost heart,
 And shed for thee memory's fondest tear.

For thine was a lofty and noble mind,
 That soared far, far o'er the things of earth,
 Each feeling chastened, each thought refined,
 And pure as the heart which gave them birth.

And oh! who can forget the kindly glow,
 The warmth of affection which filled that heart ;
 The love that extended to all below,
 Yet centred on Him whose servant thou wert.

For thine was that gentle and lovely mind,
 That could feel for others in joy or woe ;
 That longed in each bosom some grace to find,
 Yet could weep o'er the faults of the bitterest foe.

And thou wert a pastor in deed and word,
 Simple, devoted, fearless, and free ;
 All thine energies bent to serve thy Lord,
 And live unto Him who had died for thee.

And thine every thought an unearthly power,
 An impress of holiness, seemed to bear ;—
 Oh ! none could behold thee for one short hour,
 Nor feel that a man of God was there.

But thy mind was cast in a giant mould,
 And it soared—perchance with *too* wild a flight ;
 Then foes gathered round thee, friends grew cold,
 And the star of thy brightness was quenched in night.

And calumny winged her most venom'd dart,
 Till those forsook who mourn for thee now ;
 But though dauntless and firm was that noble heart,
 Yet they broke the spirit they could not bow.

Yes ; days of sorrow and hours of gloom
 Soon traced with furrows that lordly brow ;
 And the locks once dark as the raven's plume
 Were more than tinged with untimely snow.

But now it is over, thy race is run,
 In thine own loved land thou hast sunk to rest ;
 Thy work is finished—thy warfare done,—
 And thou art in peace on thy Saviour's breast.

Thou hast lived the life of a saint on earth ;
Thou hast died the death of the true and brave :
Let memory cherish thy matchless worth,
And emphy sleep in thine early grave.


Farewell ! thou hast left a world of woe,
Thou art far from the reach of sin and care :
Thy much-loved Lord is thy portion now,—
Oh, who would not pray such lot to share ?

E.

January, 1835.

LINES

TO A. M. L.

ND now accept once more from me,
 This careless work of cheerful hours,
 The wreath which I have twined for thee,
 Of youth's green leaves and spring-time
 flowers.

And though its sweets may prove but few,
 Wilt thou not look with gentle eye
 On these wild flowers of varied hue,
 These opening buds of poesy?

I *know* thou wilt, for thou hast seen
 The fairest spring to life for thee,
 And long thy kindly glance hath been
 The meed of praise most dear to me.

Then take the gift,—at least its flowers,
 In part the fruit of days gone by,
 May wake for thee the thought of hours
 Still bright to Memory's pensive eye.

And if from dreams to poets dear,
 Too oft fair truth neglected flies,
 Oh! still believe, recorded here
 Full many a heart-warm feeling lies.

And when thy gaze may chance to dwell
On these light leaves, these youthful strains,
Oh, think of one who loves thee well,
And will, while ever life remains.

Yes: though again we soon must part,
Yet still, whate'er our lot may be,—
Remember, one unchanging heart,
Through shade and sunshine, glows for thee.

E.

August 6, 1835.



LINES.

H, Nature! beautiful to me art thou :
 A well-spring of still fresh and fadeless joy !
 And not alone when thy majestic scenes
 In stately pride, or softer beauty fair,
 Almost oppress the heart which feels their power,
 With rapture too intense, yet tinged with awe ;
 But e'en as here, where thy enchanter's hand
 Has clothed in simple garb the lowly scene ;
 Without one spot to charm the gazing eye,
 Which seeks for forms of beauty soft or stern.—
 Yea ; e'en without mine own loved, lonely sea,
 There seems to rest a calm and sunlit hue,
 An air of blest repose,—a tint which tells
 No mortal hand hath blent its heaven-born dyes :
 And oh ! 'tis fair to view yon boundless skies,
 With all their mingling thoughts of love and peace :
 Those fertile fields, with waving bounties crowned,
 And rich in August's golden tint of joy ;
 The sombre woods, mature in beauty now,
 Dark lustrous green !—But ah ! too soon I see,
 Amid their verdant mass, one paly hue,
 One yellow leaf ; which, like that silver thread,
 The first grey hair on matron beauty's brow,
 Proclaims, alas ! that youth's bright Spring is flown.

It tells of Autumn hours and near decay :
But Summer lingers still with parting smile,
And all looks bright and fair ! Oh, needs there more,
To fill with gushing pleasure, deep and pure,
Each heart which still can feel the magic power
Of earthly scenes to soothe, subdue, or cheer ?

L.

Milden, August 29, 1835.



THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT SEA.



THIS the evening hour, and all ocean seems
To bask in the glorious sunset beams,—
That light which glows in the burning
west,

And falls on the waters' sparkling breast,
Tinging the waves with the gorgeous dyes
And thousand hues of the summer skies.
Soft comes the breeze, and the mighty deep
Is sunk in the calm of a giant's sleep,
Smiling as if beneath that wave
Thousands had found not a stormy grave,
Or the billows' roar and the tempest's moan,
Blent with the seaman's dying groan,
As he sank in the treacherous billow's swell,
With the surge his tomb, and the blast his knell.
Now all is peace, and the waters seem
Gentle and calm as an infant's dream ;
Sleeping awhile is their awful power,—
Oh ! fearful and fierce its waking hour !

But see ! on the waste of waves, alone,
One stately bark goes gallantly on,
Spreading her wings of untainted snow,
To catch the breeze and the sunset glow ;

And towering on high in her conscious pride,
 As she walks the queen of the boundless tide.
 But though there is joy in the laughing sky,
 Peace on the waters, and smiles on high ;
 And though the dark forms of gathering men,
 Clustering the snow-white deck are seen,
 Yet the mingling glories of sea and sky
 Seem not to glad one gazing eye,
 For a shade of unwonted sadness now
 Darkens each sea-beat and manly brow,
 And a feeling of awe-stricken sorrow rests
 Like a weight on the spring of those joyous breasts.
 No marvel. Each sprang to his station there,
 As the well-known signal struck on his ear ;—
 But not to contend with the raging blast,
 And cling for life to the bending mast ;
 And not in the death-strife to meet the foe,—
 For then would each bosom with ardour glow,—
 But to give to that dark and shoreless wave
 The cold remains of the young and brave ;
 To lay his form for its last long sleep,
 'Mid the coral caves of the boundless deep.

Oh, sad was his fate ! glad, bright, and gay,
 He bounded along life's onward way,
 With a lion's heart in its manly glow,
 Yet a woman's love in its softer flow ;
 Beloved by all : scarce a grief or fear
 Had dimmed the sun of his brief career :
 Yet now, alas ! cut down like a flower,
 Laid low in the pride of his morning hour:
 Not e'en in the struggle for life and fame,
 To leave behind a death-hallowed name,

But conquered by fever's burning strife,
 He has early fled from the war of life ;
 And now the beloved of a distant home
 Must find a tomb 'mid the ocean's foam,
 With none, save the spray or the clond, to weep
 O'er the stormy grave where his ashes sleep.

But hark ! how the peaceful sounds of prayer
 Solemnly rise on the evening air !
 Telling that yet from her farthest bed
 The sea must give up her uncounted dead ;
 For though no pastor is here to breathe
 The words of peace by the bed of death,
 Or in prayer o'er the senseless corse to bow,
 Yet that last sad task is accomplished now
 By the grey-haired chief of that gallant band,
 While mute and uncovered around him stand
 The dauntless spirits he oft had led
 O'er the blood-stained deck, and the battle's dead :
 And the hero's corse before him lies,
 Wrapped in its shroud of no mournful dyes ;
 That pall which the brave may best become.
 The meteor flag of his island home.
 And now on the ear distinctly fall
 Those mournful words, alas ! known to all,
 When that harrowing sound of woe and fear,
 The rattling earth on the hollow bier,
 Blends with the prayer of sorrowing love,—
 Of grief below, but of hope above.
 Though from home and from country far away,
 Now comes that voice from the lonely sea,—
 “ Thou art gone ; but in joyful hope to sleep,
 We give thy form to the lonely deep.”

Hark ! a sudden plunge and a startling sound !
Then silence and stillness all around.
'Tis past ! he sleeps 'neath the boundless wave,—
The sailor's home, and the sailor's grave !


They have looked their last, and the bark sweeps on :
E'en the ripple which curled o'er his rest is gone :
And the gentle swell of the murmuring surge
Is the lost and cherished one's only dirge.

E.

October 29, 1835.



CHRISTMAS EVE.


 IS Christmas Eve! Each cottage hearth
 Now glows with cheerful light,
 And laughter loud, and sounds of mirth,
 Merrily ring to-night ;
 Alike from hut and hall the voice
 Of care and woe departs,
 And round the cheering blaze rejoice
 Right happy hearts.

For though a wintry veil around
 The dying year is cast,
 And frost in silent chains hath bound
 The streamlet and the blast,
 Yet smiles as bright as Summer wore,
 Each sunlit brow adorn,
 And young hearts leap to greet once more
 The Christmas morn.

For now it is that loved ones come,
 Their native hearth to cheer,
 And wanderers seek the distant home,
 To memory still most dear :

Yes, where their childish voice's sound
 Rang shrill in former days,
 Long-severed kindred meet around
 The home-bright blaze.

But *thou* art all alone, with nought
 Thy lonely lot to cheer,
 Save silent communings of thought,
 With objects high and dear ;
 And when from holier themes they fly
 To those who loved may be,
 Remember, many a prayer and sigh
 Are breathed for thee.

And though each heart rejoices now,
 And every tone is gay,
 It casts a shade to think that thou
 Art lonely and away ;
 But when another circling year
 Again sees Christmas come,
 (Yes, long ere that !) mayest thou be here
 To bless our home.

E.

December 24, 1835.



LINES.

IT is the birth-morn of another year,
 Which from her mother's ashes bounding forth,
 With silent footsteps rises on the world,
 Like her to dawn, like her to pass away.

Hail! child of Time! what thousand eyes now turn
 To mark with anxious gaze thy being's morn,
 And strive to scan thine unrevealed career!
 But o'er thy future hours a veil is cast,—
 To some of laughing hues both bright and gay,
 Thick strewn with hope's glad forms of coming joy;
 To others dark and sad, for many a heart
 Still feels the clouds of yon departed year
 O'ercast her daughter's untried scenes with gloom,
 And clothe the visioned Future's dreamy forms
 With shades of sorrow past. Yet hail to thee!
 I look with hope upon thy coming hours,
 And trust that mercies, boundless as the past,
 May still encompass round my onward way.

'Tis Winter's noon of darkness. Nature sleeps
 In dreariness and death, awaiting still
 The spring-time sunshine to dispel her gloom,
 And clothe again with beauty all her scenes.
 I will go forth and breathe the chilling air,

And as I tread the leaf-strewn paths, will muse
 On all the mingling memories of the past,
 And prospects of the future. Though to me
 The stream of life as yet has smoothly flowed,
 Yet still its placid surface can reflect
 The clouds as well as sunlight of the skies :
 And in the parted year, like all the rest,
 'Mid happiest hours, to Memory precious still,
 Some shadows rest,—some recollected clouds,
 That dimmed awhile e'en blessings held most dear ;
 And much loved converse, which, though past, can shed
 Remembered sweetness o'er mine inmost soul,
 And will, I trust, rejoice my heart again,
 Oft, oft, and soon. Yet passing clouds there were
 Of disappointed hopes, bright visions flown,
 And dreams dispelled. Hush, hush ! vain thoughts !
 Come back, ye restless wanderings of the mind,
 Nor e'en with lightest pinion touch to life
 Those scarcely slumbering hopes and wishes vain
 I fain would hush to rest. Oh, rather think
 Of all the thousand blessings undeserved,
 That girdle round my onward path of life
 With countless mercies,—new each new-born day,
 And never-failing still !—Their ceaseless voice
 Should silence every whispered murmur's sound,
 And fill with grateful love that thankless heart,
 Which knows not what is best !

Farewell thou Past !

For thee, O Future ! all alike must feel
 How dim the eye that strives to pierce thy gloom,
 How weak the power that fain would shape thy course ;
 And how in consciousness another Hand,

A mightier Arm, must lead them on their way,
And cast the lot they take but cannot choose.

Oh ! merciful it is, that o'er that lot
A shadow rests no mortal eye can pierce,
No light can chase away. That blessèd cloud
Is Hope's eternal dwelling ! There she rests,
Enthroned upon the Future's misty form,
And lifts on high her torch, which oft can turn
Its darkness into clear though distant day.

And unto *thee*, for whom this wreath was twined,
To greet the morning of the new-born year,
Oh, let it now convey the wish and prayer,
That Heaven's best blessings, earth's most holy joys.
And mercies ever new, may gild thy lot,
Shed gathering lustre o'er thine onward way,
And crown each year which yet shall rise for thee.

E.

January 1, 1836.



THEKLA'S SONG.


(From the German of Schiller.)

THE clouds gather fast, the oak woods roar,
 The damsel paces the green of the shore ;
 The billows are breaking with might, with
 might,
 And she pours forth her voice on the darksome night.
 Her soul with sorrow is moved :—
 " The heart is dead, and the world is drear,
 There is nothing remains to live for here ;
 Take home thy little one, Holiest, now,
 I have tasted the sweetest of things below,
 For I have both lived and loved !"

E.

February 10, 1836.

LINES.

 AM here in thine own old home again,
 And with mingled feelings of joy and pain
 I gaze once more on each time-worn tree,
 Each spot which last I beheld with thee.
 They are all unaltered and lovely still;
 In wood and valley, on lake and hill,
 The forms and colourings meet my gaze
 Thou wert wont to love in former days :
 And all is unchanged we used to see,
 Save where, on many a time-worn tree,
 The ivy has flung its unfading wreath,
 To hide the wreck Time has wrought beneath :
 Or where, like all perishing things of earth,
 Laid low in the dust which first gave it birth,
 Some lord of the forest's majestic form
 Has bowed at last to the wintry storm ;
 Though many a blast it had braved before,
 'Tis fallen now, and to rise no more :
 Yet all is the same, and all speaks of thee ;
 The hills, the waters—each shadowing tree
 Seems like a link in memory's chain,
 And calls back thine image, thy voice again.

I stand on the sloping and verdant shore,
 And gaze on the woods and waves once more :

Though scarcely as yet Spring's dawning hour
 Has touched the earth with its gentle power,
 Yet lovely is all, and fair to see,—
 Oh ! would *thou* wert here to gaze with me !
 The ruffled lake, as it rolls below,
 Seems sprinkled with moving wreaths of snow ;
 And breaking in foam on the pebbly shore,
 With a sound oft heard, and beloved of yore,
 Each ripple awakes, with its dreamy tone,
 Soft visions of days that are past and gone :
 Beyond, still scorning the tempest's power,
 The ancient woods o'er the waters tower,
 Rising like spirits of days long past,—
 Darkly their shadow around is cast,
 And their giant forms, as they tower on high,
 Seem like the relics of days gone by.
 Oh, lovely it is in the pensive shade
 Of that dark and ancestral wood to tread,
 And mark the beauties that mingle there,
 Where all around and above is fair :
 On every side immemorial trees
 Gracefully wave in the rising breeze ;
 Beneath, the hazel and briar are seen,
 Blent with the holly's unfading green ;
 Above, the oak scarce matured by time,
 The tasselled larch and the fragrant lime,
 The ash and elm in their rival pride,
 With the shadowy beech, stand side by side,
 While the graceful birch, with its stem of snow,
 Hangs o'er the waters which roll below ;
 And lovely the sounds which meet mine ear,
 For Nature's eternal voice is here :

The waves' low sound, and the breeze's sigh,
 Blend in their thrilling melody,
 And touch the heart with as deep a spell,
 As the music of earth in its softest swell.

Oft, oft hast thou wandered here alone,
 And listened with rapture to that wild tone :
 And now, when thou hearest the rising breeze
 Mournfully sigh through the bending trees,
 Oh say, though afar thy footsteps roam,
 Yet does not the form of thy childhood's home
 Rise upon Memory's dream of the past,
 Clear and distinct as when gazed on last ?
 And dost thou not long to tread once more
 The land our fathers have trod before,—
 To gaze upon mountain, wood, and plain,
 And breathe the air of our hills again ?

Well, soon I hope that the days may come,
 When thou shalt revisit thine ancient home ;
 But oh, wherever thy footsteps tread,
 May countless blessings be round thee shed ;
 May peace and joy, with unfading glow,
 Lighten the path thou must tread below ;
 And dark or bright as thy lot may be,
 Oh, oft may I share that lot with thee.

E.

Glasslough, March 8, 1836.

STANZAS.



Oh ! can it be, that every heart
 Must feel the deadening power of time,
 And watch each tender hue depart,
 Which blushed upon life's hour of prime ?
 Must feelings, warm and glowing now,
 Grow cold beneath the chill of years,
 And calmly gaze upon the woe
 Once felt and wept with kindred tears ?

Oh ! say not all at last must feel
 Love, hope, and confidence decay,
 And every year that passes, steal
 Some bond of sympathy away ;
 Till all that kindly glow of heart,
 Which makes another's hopes our own,
 And weeps to see their joys depart—
 Life's sweetest charity—is gone.

No, no !—the glow of youth may fade,—
 Its once bright visions melt in tears,
 And cold realities may shade
 The fairy dreams of early years ;

The boundless trust of conscious truth,
 Deceived, may weep away its prime,—
 And yet the warmth of golden youth
 Glow on, unchilled by grief or time.

Yes ; though departing, one by one,
 Each cherished idol drops away,
 Until the last bright star is gone,
 Which beamed o'er life's declining day :
 Yet still, on Memory's tearful dream,
 The sight of others' bliss can shed
 A purer joy's reflected beam,
 A light subdued, not wholly fled.

And e'en when one sad heart must drain
 The bitterest cup of earthly woe,
 When disappointment, care, and pain,
 Seem man's sole heritage below ;
 Yet still where sorrows chastened come,
 Subdued, not hardened feelings rise,
 And peace and love may lingering bloom,
 Where joy for ever withered lies.

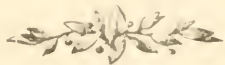
And some there are, whose early dreams,
 Youth's poetry, outlives its years ;
 In whom each spring of feeling seems
 Unchilled by time, undimmed by tears :
 Though o'er their closing day may lower
 Dark clouds of earthly woe and care,
 The sunshine of life's morning hour,
 Its tints of light still linger there.

Yes ! still for them all Nature breathes,
 With beauty's deep though chastened spell :
 And, still unbidden, Fancy wreathes
 The fairy flowers once loved so well :
 The dashing waves, the bending trees,
 Still sound like voices loved and gone ;
 Still music floats on every breeze,
 Though now it bears a mournful tone.

Oh ! say not then, that passing years
 Must warp each feeling kind and true,
 And dry that fount of blessèd tears,
 Which fall like Summer's freshening dew ;
 No ! be it mine, through joy and woe,
 Living to love—beloved to die !—
 No frozen heart to all below,
 E'er glowed with warmth for things on high.

E.

May 21, 1836.



FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, lovely flowers ! to me they seem
 Like things of life long loved and known.
 Bright visions twined with many a dream
 Of childhood memories past and gone.

Yes ! linked with those fair forms arise
 No mournful hues of woe and care,
 But, blended with their sunlit dyes,
 Come thoughts as bright and hopes as fair.

Lovely they gleam beneath the light,
 Which morning now in lustre flings,
 While still the dewy tears of night
 Are sparkling on their fairy wings.

They shine like some bright spirit band,
 Nor seem one tint of earth to bear :
 And well they may,—no mortal hand
 Hath blent the hues which mingle there.

The rainbow arch in watery skies,
 The gorgeous clouds at evening hour,
 Alone can match the sunbright dyes,
 Which shine in every lowly flower.

Bright, glorious things, they sparkle there,
 Like gems along my pathway strewn:
 Though every form I see is fair,
 Each bears some beauty all its own.

And as a flowery wreath I twine,
 Of countless forms, but lovely all,
 What varied lights and shades combine,
 To grace that simple coronal !

Some brighter far than tongue can tell,
 In gorgeous lustre dazzling bloom,—
 Some paly as the tinted shell,
 That sleeps beneath the ocean foam.

And when, like sisters hand in hand,
 The countless hues that mingle there,
 Together twine in one bright band,
 Oh ! what can earth produce more fair?

I love them all,—each tells to me
 Some tale of bright and childhood hours :
 And gentlest chords of memory
 Still wreath around those summer flowers.

A dream of days and pleasures gone,
 Floats dimly o'er their forms again,
 Like that which lingering haunts the tone
 Of some long-loved familiar strain.

And hopes—young, sunny hopes are there,
All bright, like them, with early day,—
Perchance *too* like,—now calm and fair,
But soon to fade and pass away.

But oh! while outward things can cheer,
And lighten o'er life's passing hours,
To me must those fair forms be dear,—
Still must I love ye, gentle flowers!

E.

August 16, 1836.



NIGHT.

NIGHT, holy night ! there is a spell in thee,
Which far exceeds the noontide glare of day,
Or pensive stillness of the twilight hour.
When thus, upon the wrapt and slumbering
earth,

Thick darkness broods, with felt and awful power,
The shrouded stars presume not to dispel.
Oh ! solemn is this noon of deepest night,
This pause of nature, like her hour of prayer.
'Tis silence, darkness all ; no watery beam,
No ray of twilight trembles through the gloom ;
No sound is stealing on the murky air,
To break the stillness of this midnight calm ;
And Nature, like a watchful mother, seems
In silence bending o'er her children's sleep,
Scarce breathing, lest she break their deep repose.
Yet pondering in her own all anxious heart,
The lights and shadows of their onward way.

Fair is the morning hour of dewy prime,
When earth awaking bounds to life again,
And thousand voices greet the new-born day.
Fair is the sultry noon's unclouded glow,

The stirless air, the blue and placid sky.
 And oh ! how fair the fragrant calm of eve,—
 Earth's peaceful sabbath,—nature's golden hour,—
 When all is bright and balmy, pure and clear!
 But none more fair, and none so felt *within*,
 As thine, O Night ! when thus enshrouded sleep
 The countless orbs, that sometimes gem thy brow
 With radiance fairer, purer than the day,
 And thou hast laid aside thy queenly state,
 As if to muse, all wrapt in robe of gloom.—
 It is the hour of thought :—now wake to life
 The depths that sleep enshrined in every heart,
 Perchance 'mid brighter scenes unfelt, unknown ;
 But when the eye can meet no living form
 On which to gaze, the mind unfettered turns
 To seek that inborn light,—that mental beam,
 Which brightest shines when all without is gloom.

As now I gaze into the night, and strive
 To pierce that veil which mantles o'er her brow,
 What thoughts and feelings,—yea, what living forms
 Rise silently from yonder sea of gloom,
 And sweep across the mind with magic power,
 Mingling the future, present, and the past,
 In one long waking dream. Oh, strange it is,
 How from the inmost depths, where Memory sleeps,
 At such an hour forgotten scenes arise :
 At first like shadows, dim and undefined,
 But brightening soon with clear though mellowed ray,
 They live in thought again ; till, link by link,
 The chain of past events shines forth once more,
 Unbroken and undimmed. Yea ! all are there:
 Familiar forms now throng the dark expanse ;

Glad voices float upon the breeze of night,
 And gentle laughter rings. Alas ! too soon
 The Past has fled : and now the Present comes,
 With all its joys and sorrows, anxious cares,
 And sunny hopes still shadowed by its fears.
 Oh, who can muse upon the present hour,—
 The hour of life, still passing as it comes,—
 Nor feel insensibly the Future rise,
 With all her train of deep entrancing thoughts,
 And solemn feelings, sometimes bright and fair,
 But ever touched with awe ? There earthly Hope
 Delights to weave her chain of rosy dreams,
 And soothe too real woes with phantom joys ;
 And there Faith calmly lifts her trusting eye,
 Discerning, 'mid the clouds that darken round,
 A light no fear can quench, no sorrow dim ;
 For oh ! from whencesoe'er those longings rise,
 Which strive to pierce futurity, and reach
 Beyond the veil which shrouds our coming years,
 Each soaring thought at last must end in prayer :
 For brightly though the distant haven shine,
 And all is peaceful there, yet who can tell
 How many a stormy blast and breaking wave
 May sweep their onward path to perfect rest ?
 It is a solemn thought. Oh ! would that I
 Could always 'mid the jocund hours of day
 Think, feel as now ! For at this stilly hour,
 The meteor beam, which then too oft invests
 Life's future scenes with bright though fading flowers,
 Has passed away, and in its stead remains,
 Not clouds and darkness, but a purer light,
 Which shines undazzling now, yet calm and clear.

Oh, Night! when girded thus with starless gloom
Thou art a solemn teacher. Every breath,
That floats like music o'er thy echoing calm,
But deeper binds the spell which darkness wove,
And silence nurtured. Cold must be the heart,
That on thy shadowy stillness now could gaze,
Yet turn again, unsoftened and unmoved,
To mingle in the world without a sigh.

E.

September 22, 1836.

AN EQUINOCTIAL DAY.

HOW strange! a Summer sun below,
 Above a wintry blast;
 Here basking in meridian glow,
 There stormy winds rush past!
 Within this sheltered nook, the breeze
 Scarce waves yon flowerets pale;
 While far above, the topmost trees
 Are bending in the gale.

The winds their voices lift on high,
 The woods the sound prolong;
 Oh, well I love that melody
 Of wild, unearthly song!
 And well I love, when sunshine flings
 Its radiance upon earth,
 To listen to the tempest's wings,
 Unfurled as if in mirth.

For who, on such a day, could deem
 The voice of wrath was nigh?
 There's Summer in the laughing beam,
 There's Summer in the sky.

But see ! across that arch of light
 The snow-white clouds flit fast ;
 Like heralds of the coming fight,
 They ride upon the blast.

Oh ! strange it is, when all around
 Is calmly bright and fair,
 To hear that fierce, unearthly sound
 Rush wildly on the air ;
 To see the whirling leaves in showers
 Untimely strew the earth,
 While not a breath disturbs the flowers
 Which there have lowly birth.

Rush on, ye stormy winds ! rush on
 Beneath the deep blue sky !
 I love to hear that thrilling tone
 In melody sweep by.
 Sing round the mountains in your mirth,
 Float o'er the hills with glee ;
 Breathe o'er the lowly plains of earth,
 And dance upon the sea !

The sea ! I thought not on the sea.
 Ye tempests, cease to rave,
 Or though on earth your home may be,
 Yet breathe not on the wave.
 Oh ! rouse not from their giant sleep
 The billows and the surge,
 Or that storm may sound across the deep,
 Full many a seaman's dirge.

'Tis fearful on the raging main,
 Though lovely here on land,
 Where the varied seasons seem again
 Entwining hand in hand :
 The golden hue of Summer time,
 The Autumn tints of grief ;
 All save the Spring's young hour of prime,
 Her fresh and verdant leaf.


Like youth, *she* cannot come again,
 Borne on unruffled wing ;
 The circling year, and life's brief span,
 Can feel no second Spring.
 On Winter's brow may Summer's beam
 Shine brightly as of yore,
 But still that early morning dream,
 Life's spring-time, comes no more.

But oh ! if Faith and Peace illumè
 Our mellow Autumn day,
 Who could regret the vernal bloom
 That passed so soon away ?
 Who o'er the setting sun could sigh,
 If *sure* the morn would bring
 A beam to light Eternity,—
 A never-fading Spring ?

E.

September 24, 1836.

AUTUMN.


 HE Autumn leaves are falling fast,
 And strew my onward way ;
 All wears the hue of beauty past,
 Now mellowing to decay.
 And yet wan leaf and fading flower
 Can touch the heart with deeper power
 Than Summer's bright array ;
 For who but feels that beauty's spell
 Is deepest when she breathes farewell ?

And now, when tints like evening steal
 O'er all the earth and sky,
 When Nature seems with grief to feel
 Her dying hour is nigh,
 'Tis sweet, though mournful, thus to gaze
 Upon the wreck of other days,
 And watch their glories die,
 While still the sun's departing beam
 Falls soft on mountain, wood, and stream.

An Autumn sunset,—all most bright
 And peaceful mingles there ;
 The golden sky, the mellowed light,
 The calm and stirless air ;

With yet that melancholy smile,
 Which oft so sadly gilds awhile
 The "twilight of the year ;"
 As if still Summer, lingering, shone
 O'er scenes from which her warmth was gone,

And yet at this delicious hour
 How lovely is the scene !
 Yon woods that o'er the waters tower,
 Alas ! no longer green !
 Yet still in mournful beauty rise,
 All radiant with the thousand dyes
 Which veil where death has been,
 And bright in mimic lustre glow,
 Upon the clear long lake below.

Light from on high is bursting now,
 O'er mountain, wood, and plain ;
 Light streams on Autumn's fading brow,
 And gilds her smiles again.
 Alike earth, sky, and waters seem
 To sleep entranced in that bright beam,
 Without one cloud or stain,
 And bask beneath the sunny ray,
 Too soon, alas ! to fade away.

But ah ! that beam gives not the mirth
 A Summer sunshine gave ;
 There is a stillness on the earth,
 A hush upon the wave,

A voiceless calm, which seems to say,
 The hour is come, that farewell ray
 But gilds an opening grave.
 As if yon sun still strove to cheer,
 With sorrowing beam, the dying year.

Yes, Nature, thy dark hour is nigh,—
 Death's hues are on thy brow ;
 But oh, how still and peacefully
 Dost thou in silence bow !
 Oh ! would that all, when life ebbs fast,
 And evening comes, might sink at last
 As calm and bright as thou,
 Cheered by that light from Heaven which glows
 Like thine—the brightest at the close.

E.

Glasslough, October 22, 1836.



THE MEETING SHIPS.



SWIFT bounding o'er the shoreless tide,
 A gallant bark sweeps on,
 And seems as if in conscious pride
 She walks the waves alone.
 She spreads her white wings to the wind,
 And dashes through the foam,
 As blithe as if she left behind
 No friendly heart or home.

And yet, of all the forms she bears
 Across the boundless main,
 How few shall gaze through joyful tears
 On England's cliffs again!
 In Eastern climes, far, far away,
 On India's burning shore,
 Full many a heart, now glad and gay,
 Must sleep to wake no more.

Yet on, ye hopeful hearts, and thou,
 Our gallant ship, speed on;
 Amid the world of waters now,
 Thou art not all alone.—
 For lo! a speck upon the wave
 Attracts each gazing eye:
 It nears, and now a bark as brave
 As that she meets draws nigh.

A homeward bound ! right merrily
 She ploughs the stormy main,
 With many a heart that yearns to see
 Fair Albion's shores again.
 Returning from that distant land,
 Where toilsome years had sped,
 They meet the gallant exile band,
 Bound the same path to tread.

They meet upon the boundless waste,
 The melancholy sea,
 And one short hour of converse past,
 Speed onward and away.
 Brief words exchanged, kind greetings said,
 Each, as she hastens on,
 And sees the other slowly fade,
 Feels doubly now alone.

Sudden they met, too soon to part,—
 Yet still that social hour
 Has stirred the depths of many a heart
 With deep and 'whelming power ;
 The homeward bound still lingers there,
 And blent with struggling sighs,
 Man's blessing, woman's tearful prayer,
 Breathe on her as she flies.

Does she not seek their Fatherland,
 Far o'er the ocean foam,—
 Friends, country, all the cherished band
 That cluster round their home ?

Oh! as the wanderers watch, how fast
 She bounds upon her way,
 The seaboy on her rocking mast
 Seems happier far than they.

No marvel that Hope flies awhile
 Those scenes she strewed with flowers,
 And Memory's mingling tear and smile,
 Re-light departed hours ;
 No marvel that the eastern skies,
 So bright to fancy's dreams,
 Should fade as wakening thoughts arise
 Of England's woods and streams.

'Tis past! Upon th' horizon's verge
 The last faint shadow dies,
 And now the wide unbroken surge
 Blends with the meeting skies ;
 Evening comes down upon the deep,
 From storm or ruffle free,
 And calm as infant's dreamless sleep,
 Night falls upon the sea.

Rest, wanderers, rest in peace once more.
 Rocked on the billows' foam,
 And dream, amid the ocean roar,
 Of loved ones and of home.
 And oh! when youth is on the wane,
 And life's green leaves are sere,
 May ye return in peace again,
 To all on earth most dear.

E.

December, 1836.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

NIGHT falls on land and sea,
 'Mid starlight calm and clear ;
 The last that e'er shall close o'er thee,
 Departing year.

The moon is bright on high,
 Stars gem the vault sublime ;
 They beam upon thy dying eye,
 Thou child of Time.

All earth entranced appears,
 No breath is on the wave ;
 Nature in silence sheds her tears
 Around thy grave.

Yet calmly dost thou die,
 And o'er thine opening tomb
 No raging blast or shrouded sky
 Sheds storm and gloom.

But as one full of years,
 Honoured and loved, must bow
 At last amid his children's tears,
 So fadest thou.

Yet who without a sigh
 Can see thee pass away,
 And think how swiftly too flies by,
 Youth's early day ?

Hope shines not o'er thee now,—
 She seeks the rising year ;
 But faithful Memory's warmest glow
 Still lingers there.

Her magic power can bring
 The varied scenes again,
 That chequered o'er thy fleeting wing
 With joy or pain.

And though they all have fled,
 And thou art fading now,
 Yet light like that which gilds the dead
 Beams o'er thy brow.

Oh ! who can ponder o'er
 Thy scenes of good and ill,
 Nor bless the love that spared once more,
 Unwearied still ?

And pray that every wave,
 On Time's eventful sea,
 Tinged with a light earth never gave,
 More bright may be.


Old year, thou art fading fast !
 Darker the shadows fall !
 And round thee, like a mantle cast,
 Night spreads her pall.

Hark ! on the breeze I hear
 Thy solemn midnight knell,
 And thou art gone. Departed year,
 Once more Farewell !

E.

December 31, 1836.

LINES.


 ND now my task is done! The last pale
 flower,
 Which bloomed to mourn the year's de-
 parting hour,
 Has closed the wreath that fancy twined for thee
 From many a hue of hope and memory ;
 Bright gems upon the dreamy future cast,
 And fading leaves, that linger round the past.
 Yes, here pale blossoms shine, and lowly flowers,
 That sprang to life in gay or sombre hours ;
 And scentless though to some their hues may seem,
 Yet *thou*, I trust, will not all worthless deem
 These wild flowers culled beneath the morning sky,
 These springtime buds of gentle poesy,
 For sweet the task to twine them here for thee.
 And now 'tis done,—then what remains for me ?
 What but an oft-told tale again to tell,
 And breathe with swelling heart a long farewell ;
 To say once more whilever life is mine,
 My heart's best love and fondest thoughts are thine.

As now upon these fairy leaves I gaze,
 How bright again the torch of memory plays
 O'er every passing scene and parted hour
 Which called those thoughts to life with magic power.

And bade the slumbering fancy, roused once more,
 In numbers wild those inward feelings pour !
 Yes, as I lingering trace each simple strain,
 Time, place, e'en vanished sounds, return again ;
 'Till I can live in thought those bygone years,
 With all their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 And feel as then the lights or shadows play
 That chequered o'er full many a long-past day :
 And when perchance thy gentle eye may fall
 On these light leaves, wilt thou not then recall
 Some hour of converse spent together here,
 To memory, or at least to me, most dear ?

Since last we met, how doubly swift and light
 The wings of time have seemed to press their flight !
 Till now I scarce can think it all is past,
 And that sad hour is come when we at last
 Must feel that every pleasure brings its pain,
 And part once more,—oh ! when to meet again ?
 Yes, when shall we together gladly stray
 'Mid scenes where happiest hours have passed away :
 Trace every well-known spot on hill and plain,
 And breathe the air that thrills our hearts again ?
 'Tis vain to ask ; no mortal tongue can tell.
 Then must I breathe at last a sad farewell,
 In treasured hope, before another year
 Has passed away, with joy to meet thee here.
 And oh ! may every blessing earth can know,
 On thy dear head in streams of bounty flow,
 And nought e'er dim the chain that binds us now,
 In friendship's purest bond and warmest glow.

E.

Glasslough, March 3, 1837.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

SWEET hour of eve, calm golden skies,
 Dear are ye still to me ;
 Voiceless the earth in slumber lies,
 Silent the heaving sea :
 Bright as yon sunset, fancy's power
 Weaves now her flowery chain ;
 Calm as the twilight's mournful hour,
 Fond memory wakes again.

Who but must feel the dying day
 Breathes forth a magic tone,
 Touching to life scenes passed away,
 Bright visions wept and gone ?
 And as the dreams of early years
 Rise bright on memory's wing,
 I live again the smiles and tears
 Time never more can bring.


Friends of my youth, this stilly hour,
 Fair nature's Sabbath time,
 Calls back to life, with magic power,
 Our morning hour of prime !
 Some lowly sleep, some roam afar,
 But, dearly loved as then,
 Ye rise like yonder dawning star,
 Bright clothed with life again.

E.

May, 1837.

LINES.

TO N. T.


 ND didst thou, then, unchanged, unmoved.
 For years still cling to one,
 Nor e'er forget that one beloved,
 Though hope almost was gone?
 And didst thou in full many a scene,
 When all around was gay,
 Still turn to hours that once had been,
 And her so far away?

Blessings upon thy faithful heart!
 That heart which nought could change;
 Time failed to bid its love depart,
 Or absence to estrange.
 Years passed upon their rapid wings,
 The scenes of earth swept on;
 Yet, firm amid all fleeting things,
 Thy heart still clung to one.

And now, when hope at last appears,
 Oh! may that loved one prove
 The rainbow of thy future years!
 The pole-star of thy love!

And like the moon, with borrowed ray,
In thy light only shine ;
Feel every cloud that dims thy way,
And share each joy of thine.

Yes, dearest ! now I feel to be
Thine own in heart and hand,
And cheerfully I leave for thee
My home and native land.
I take thy lot,—in joy or pain,
One wish one prayer is mine,
That life nor death may break the chain
Which binds my soul to thine.

E.

June, 1837.

THE FAMILY BURYING-PLACE.



H ! linger, linger yet awhile,
 And let us once more gaze
 On yonder dim and crumbling aisle.
 Those tombs of other days ;
 That spot of all the sacred shrine
 Pass thou not lightly by,
 For there a long and honoured line,
 In death together lie.

Yes, close beside the altar stone,
 Embalmed in holy ground,
 One race, for ages past and gone,
 Their resting-place have found.
 They passed on earth their fleeting span,
 Felt all life's joy and woe ;
 Yet dust to dust returned again,—
 They sleep forgotten now.

See all around, above, beneath,
 Each sculptured tablet seems
 As if Love strove to snatch from Death,
 At least their cherished names.

But numbers there for ages past
 Have slumbered side by side,
 Till all that memory knows at last
 Is—once they lived and died.

In morning's prime, in manhood's day,
 In life's calm sunset hour,
 They one by one have passed away,—
 Earth knows their place no more :
 For *some*, 'tis true, in many a breast
 Still love and memory glow ;
 The last who there in silence rest,
 Alone remembered now.

'Tis sad,—'tis sad to trace again
 The names recorded there,
 And feel how swiftly death and pain
 Blight all on earth most fair ;
 To think *our* home, in bygone years,
 They too have called their own ;
 And trod life's path of smiles and tears,
 Where we now follow on.

Burst forth, thou sunbeam glad and gay !
 Shine on the marble tomb !
 Perchance thy light may chase away
 My spirit's gathering gloom ;
 A weight seems crushing down my heart,
 As here I lowly bow,
 And think how soon life's joys depart,—
 Flowers withering as they blow.


Thrice blessèd words of hope and faith,
Recorded on the grave,
Ye shine amid the gloom of death,
Like beacons on the wave !
Bright as the rainbow's arch sublime,
Spanning the stormy sky,
Ye beam upon the clouds of time,
A light that cannot die.

E.

Godinton, October 3, 1837.

LINES.

DECEMBER 31, 1837.


 TIME hurries on ;
 Years pass away like visions of the night —
 Scarcely seen to rise upon the raptured sight
 Till all is gone.

Alas ! in vain
 We strive, with fevered grasp, to bid that stream
 One moment pause ; it passes like a dream,—
 Ne'er felt again.

Yet who can gaze
 Upon youth's glowing hours, scarcely tinged with pain,
 Nor sigh to think time ne'er can bring again
 Those merry days ?

What heart of man
 Can hear unmoved the voice of other years,
 And see departed hopes, forgotten fears,
 Arise again ?

Yet at this hour,
 When we must bid a child of time farewell,
 Such thoughts, such feelings, wake with deeper spell.
 And tenfold power.

We stand once more
Beside the tomb where slumber ages past,
To watch another year rejoin at last
The gone before.

And as she dies,
O'er every heart the scenes her wing hath brought,
The weal, the woe, her brief career hath wrought,
Once more arise.

We live again
'Mid vanished shadows, voices far away,—
And all that chequered o'er her fleeting day
With joy or pain.

When thou arose,
Departing year, I little thought to me,
How changed in all my lot on earth should be,
Ere reached thy close!

For thou hast seen
Long-cherished hopes, time could not all destroy.
Beam forth again and end in purest joy,
In light serene.

Thy days, that flew
On fairy wings, have joined my earthly lot
To one—in absence, darkness, ne'er forgot—
Long loved and true.

Yes, time can ne'er
Efface thy bright remembrance. Can I, then,
Behold thee pass away and feel no pain,
Thrice blessèd year?

No ! o'er the sky
 Of life's meridian many a cloud may gloom,
 But yet to me thy memory still must come,
 Like light from high.

Would that my heart
 Those countless mercies undeserved might raise
 From earthly things, to choose through future days
 The better part.

Oh ! may the year
 Which now begins her silent course to tread,
 O'er all I love unnumbered blessings shed,
 Or far or near.

And oh ! may we,
 Who now have watched her birth, as calmly stand.
 With thankful hearts, a yet unbroken band,
 To see her die.

E.



A WINTERY SCENE.

HOW silently, all wrapped in robe of snow,
 Earth seems to sleep beneath yon cloudless
 sky,
 Blue, bright, and beautiful, as if the glow
 Of Summer basked beneath that smiling sun,
 And not the form of Winter's sternest hour.
 For see ! or far or near the eye can meet
 No touch of Nature's softer hues,—no spot
 Of spring-time verdure near,—but all around
 In dazzling whiteness spreads the untrodden snow,
 One boundless waste, cold, calm, and motionless,
 But still most beautiful. There diamond sparks,
 Like those that glitter on the moonlight wave,
 Besprinkle o'er the plains of stainless snow,
 That seem, as there they shine in changeful hues,
 The magic pavement of some fairy hall.
 Frost, too, her wizard ministry hath lent,
 And hung each lowly shrub or towering tree
 With glittering wreaths of many an airy form,
 And pendent crystals, bright, fantastic, pure
 As those that gleam beneath dark ocean's caves.
 'Tis Winter's loveliest, though his sternest hour :
 The very keenness of the piercing air

Feels light and cheerful; o'er the crispy snow,
Which scarce beneath the passing footstep yields,
I love to tread,—and even here can find
Fresh beauty still, and charms for ever new.

Yes ; though all looks so drear, yet still to me
There is a *something* in this wintry scene,
A touching stillness in the echoing calm,
That wraps the earth in silence. Frost has flung
Her voiceless chain upon the murmuring breeze,
And hushed awhile the laughing streamlet's voice
In icy stillness : 'neath that vault of blue,
Which spreads unclouded o'er the slumbering world,
No sound is heard,—no murmur breaks the spell
Of noonday silence, save where one low note
The robin breathes in mournful melody,
Or icicle, that feels the sunbeam's power,
Drops tinkling 'mid the withered leaves below.
All heaven and earth are still ! Oh, who but feels
The charm of such an hour—the witching spell
This hush of Nature casts o'er every heart,
Waking again the dreams of other days,
The voice of years long past ! At least, to me,
Such silence seems to touch the inmost depths
Where Memory sleeps, and rouse to life once more
Scenes long departed—hours that passed away,
And cannot come again.

My earthly lot

I would not change for all this world can give.
Yet marvel not, if at an hour like this,
An hour so rife with all that stirs the thoughts
Of early days, my heart still yearns for home,
And all the well-known tones, familiar forms,

The thousand nameless ties that twine around
My native land and home.

Thou wilt not chide,
Belovèd! feelings like to these, nor deem
The heart less all thine own, that sometimes thus
Returns, with fond remembrance, to the thought
Of all those distant loved ones, scattered wide,
In life or death than *thee* alone less dear.

E.

Godinton, January 20, 1838.



AN APRIL SNOW STORM.

HOW strange ! to see the flowers of Spring,
 'Mid falling snow-wreaths bloom,
 And Winter, borne on April's wing,
 Reshadow earth with gloom.
 To feel the blast that rushes o'er
 Young blossoms newly born ;
 The chill that wraps in night once more
 Spring's gay and joyous morn.

Fall as thou wilt, untimely snow,
 But short shall be thy reign ;
 Soon must yon sun's meridian glow
 Melt thine unwelcome chain.
 But ah, in many a blasted leaf,
 In many a blighted flower,
 Long, long shall live, in tints of grief,
 The memory of this hour.

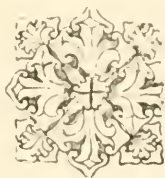
I see the crocus hues decay
 Beneath yon stormy skies ;
 The violet lustre fades away,
 The gentle primrose dies.

And though the sun of Summer hours
 O'er lovelier tints may gleam,
 No more shall Spring's first blighted flowers
 Revive beneath its beam.

And sometimes thus, the heart, all bright
 With youth's first opening bloom,
 Feels some dark cloud turn joy to night.
 And hope to cheerless gloom :
 And though the sun of life's best hours
 May burst that icy chain,
 Yet never can youth's spring-time flowers
 Bloom fresh and pure again.

E.

Godinton, April 14, 1838.



LINES.



IS almost midnight's hour, and bright on
 high,
 The moon in placid beauty walks the sky;
 The stars, a countless train, attend her
 way,

And gem her path with many a tribute ray,
 Till every envious cloud that passes there,
 Transformed to silver, makes her still more fair.
 In mellowed light that chastened lustre streams
 O'er earth and sky, that sleep beneath its beams,
 Till Nature seems to thrill beneath the power,
 The spell that rests on such a magic hour,
 And wakes again her charms for eye and ear,
 To bless the lovely night of Summer near;—
 To hymn His praise who thus from day to day
 Fulfils the pledge of ages passed away,—
 And spring-time hope and harvest joy displays,
 To many a heart that never throbb'd with praise.

At such an hour, the coldest breast must feel
 Eternal Nature's silent grandeur thrill
 Through every nerve, and melt the icy chain
 Of gathering years, to youth's bright Spring again.
 Until the cold world's stern and withering sway,
 Wrapt in a dream of childhood, melts away;
 And all the tenderness of early years
 Bursts forth in breathing sighs, or soft warm tears!
 Oh, surely none could stand and gaze alone
 On such a scene, nor feel one kindred tone,

One gush of spring-time warm his heart again,
 And in that moment cancel years of pain!
 Look round,—those immemorial trees,
 That wave their fresh-crowned branches in the breeze,
 And lift their giant forms towards yon dark skies,
 Now seem like spirits of the past to rise,
 And in this hour of hope, with solemn tone,
 To tell the tale of many a spring-time gone,—
 Of changing years,—of hearts the young, the gay,
 That one by one long since have passed away,
 While they remain, in lofty beauty's prime,
 Like things that scorn the withering hand of Time!
 The blush of youth is on their forms once more,
 For Spring has touched the earth with gentle power,
 And all around the fresh and new-born flowers,
 The bursting leaves, proclaim her joyous hours,
 That youth of Nature, breathing mirth and song,
 Like life's bright morn, too sweet to linger long!
 All earth can give of beauty mingles there;
 Sweet scents are floating through the quiet air,
 Shed forth from every fragrant shrub and flower,
 Night's incense breathed upon her holiest hour.
 Nor sound is wanting,—chiming soft and clear,
 The distant sheep-bell tinkles on the ear;
 While swiftly rushing by on humming wing,
 The new-born insects greet returning Spring.
 And hark! amid yon dark ancestral trees,
 A burst of music rises on the breeze;
 A gush of sweetness thrills the silent air,—
 A song no art can mock is warbled there.
 'Tis thy sweet melody, night's minstrel bird!
 Amid the sounds of day almost unheard;

But now, when earth in breathing stillness lies,
 Poured forth in richness to the silent skies,
 And deepening still with music's magic power,
 The spell of such a scene, and such an hour.
 All, all is passing fair. Oh! would that thou,
 My earliest friend! wert here beside me now;
 To watch with me the moonlit earth and sky,—
 Those scenes which most delight thy pensive eye;
 To breathe the fragrant night-breeze, pure and clear,
 And more than all—that thrilling voice to hear!
 My lot is changed; new ties entwine me now—
 The best, the holiest earth can ever know;
 Yet still my heart as warmly clings to thee,
 As in those bygone hours so dear to me:
 And thou art fondly cherished, longed for still,
 With love no time can change, no absence chill.
 Thine image rises 'mid the dreams of home,
 Of all I loved beyond the ocean foam,
 Yet left with willing heart, and scarce a tear,
 To share the lot of one than all more dear;
 And still I love, at midnight's witching hour,
 To weave for thee the wreath of song once more,—
 To twine those flowers that yet, I trust, to thee
 Not scentless bloom, though wild their fragrance be.
 Oh! take them then, and if their hues may bring
 One thought of home, one breath of gentle Spring,
 To cheer thy spirit where its lot is cast—
 The ungenial clime where duty holds thee fast,—
 'Twill glad the heart that traced these numbers here,
 The heart to which thou long hast been most dear!

E.

Godinton, June, 1838.

LINES.



MY Firstborn ! strange and sweet it seems,
 To gaze upon thy placid brow,
 And think the form, oft seen in dreams.
 Within my arms is cradled now ;
 To feel thou art indeed mine own,
 And clasp thee closer to my heart,
 With love that seems before unknown,
 But now can never more depart.

My Firstborn ! tears alone could speak
 The joy that rushed through every vein,
 When first I pressed thy downy cheek,
 With lips too weak to bless thee then,
 And felt a mother's untold love
 My inmost heart with rapture thrill,—
 A love no earthly power can move,
 No time can change, no sorrow chill.

My Firstborn ! on that infant face,
 Which seems to me so passing fair,
 I love to gaze, and fondly trace
 Thy father's softened features there.
 Thou hast the same high, noble brow,
 The same blue eye and auburn hair,
 The same sweet smile,—and oh ! mayest thou
 In heart as well his likeness bear.

My Firstborn ! I could almost weep,
 To watch thy peaceful slumber now,
 And think how soon the world may steep
 With grief and pain that calm, fair brow.
 Oh ! chequered must thy pathway be ;
 For woman's lot, my child, is thine ;
 And all life's brightest joys, to thee,
 With mingling tears at least must shine.

My Firstborn ! 'tis thy mother's part
 To watch thy being's opening day,—
 To train aright thy guileless heart,
 And ceaselessly for thee to pray.
 And oh ! may He who gave thee breath
 Be still thy guide, thy strength, thy shield,
 And make thee His in life and death,
 My opening Flower ! my Firstborn Child !

E.

July 31, 1838.



ACROSTIC.



GREY walls ! where now for ages passed and
gone,
One race by turns have trod from sire to
son,

Darkly ye frown, amid those woods which rise
In ancient grandeur to the dark blue skies,
Nor seem the weight of centuries to feel :
Though ye are grey and worn, but lovely still !
Old halls, ancestral towers, where'er we roam,
No other land can give—an English Home !

E.

November 24, 1838.



LINES.



STRANGE, strange ! what rushing memories
come

With that familiar strain ;

And how within mine own old home,

I seem to live again !

Belovèd forms are floating near,

Yet still I feel alone ;

Glad voices ring upon mine ear,

Yet mournful is their tone.

Oh ! ever thus, on Memory's dream,

A tinge of grief is cast,

And shadows deep though softened, seem

To linger o'er the past :

E'en when the thought of youthful joy

Almost to mirth beguiles,

We mingle light with shade, and sigh

Amid remembered smiles.

It is not that grief presses now,

Or joy has passed away,—

Perchance a better, calmer glow,

Illumes life's noontide day ;

But o'er the past we linger still
 With melancholy gaze,
 And think we ne'er again can feel
 As in those merry days.

We love to trace again the dreams,
 The thoughts of other years,
 While o'er that land of memory streams
 A sunshine blent with tears !
 And still beams forth, in golden dyes,
 The light of early day,
 While every cloud on those bright skies
 Has almost fled away.

And yet—oh ! wayward hearts and strange !
 While o'er the past we grieve,
 Our present lot we would not change
 For all this world can give :
 One blessing that entwines us now
 We would not see decay,
 For all the sunshine and the glow
 Of youth's most brilliant day.

But still, that holy melody
 Awakes within my breast
 Remembrances that cannot die,
 And thoughts that will not rest.
 Old times return, old feelings rush
 Upon my heart again,
 Till all is lost in that deep gush
 Of mingled joy and pain.

Oh ! well it is, we feel 'tis vain
 Upon the past to gaze,
And think how we should live again
 The scenes of bygone days :
Enough, if thankfully we learn
 The present hour to prize,
And as Time gone can ne'er return,
 Improve it as it flies.

E.

March 3, 1839.

TO MY CHILD IN ILLNESS.



Y child ! beside thy little bed
 I sit with aching heart,
 And feel with mingled grief and dread,
 Perchance we soon must part :
 I gaze upon thy troubled sleep,
 Thy flushed and fevered brow ;
 And though that sorrow cannot weep,
 I feel what none can know.

For oh ! if God should please to take
 Thy sinless spirit now,
 Methinks this bursting heart would break,
 E'en while it strove to bow.
 And yet my inmost wish is still
 To feel His ways are best,—
 To bend me to His holy will,
 And bid each murmur rest.

But though in health I loved thee more
 Than human tongue can tell,
 I never knew, till this sad hour,
 I loved thee half so well.

Thy patient smiles, thy gentleness,
But deeper wring my heart,
And make me feel, with new distress,
My Baby! must we part?

O God forbid! in hope I feel
Perchance the worst is o'er,
And thou mayest live to cheer us still,
Bright, joyous as before.
And may we strive to make that life
Thine endless blessing prove,
Or, if thou must depart, believe
That thou art safe above!

E.

Hastings, April 26, 1839.



SPRING.

PRING bursts upon the waking earth ;
 Her voice resounds o'er wood and plain ;
 And Nature, starting to new birth,
 Glows with the blush of youth again.

The fairest daughter of the year
 Bounds on her rosy path the while,
 With hope in every passing tear,
 And joy in every sunny smile.

Life breathes upon the world once more ;
 Her mighty heart again throbs high ;
 And bursting leaf, and waking flower,
 Proclaim she slept, but could not die.
 Each breath upon the scented gale,
 Each sound upon the balmy air,
 Seems but to tell one stirring tale,
 That life, bright, glorious life, is there !

Oh ! loveliest season ! joy and light
 Seem borne upon thy sunny wing ;
 No flowers, save those of hues most bright,
 Should cluster round the brow of Spring.

And if the mournful heart still feels
 That joyful voice but mocks its gloom,
 Yet hope amid dejection steals,
 And whispers of bright hours to come.

Why is it that such cheering power,
 Such gladness, floats upon thy smile?
 It is thou art the childhood hour,
 The youth that Nature lives awhile ;
 And though, like man's bright vernal morn,
 Too soon thy lustre fades away,
 Yet still, like his, can ne'er return
 The freshness of thine early day.

No ; Summer suns more bright may shine
 O'er lovelier hues, when thine are sere,
 And Autumn's thousand tints may twine
 With gorgeous grief the dying year ;
 But never can their fairest hours
 Revive the feelings thou canst raise,
 The freshness of thy simple flowers,
 The magic of thy changeful days.

And who can gaze on this fair earth,
 All rife with sights and sounds of Spring,
 The bursting leaves, the flowers' new birth,
 The joyous "birds upon the wing,"
 Nor feel that these fair things were made
 To cheer man's pilgrimage below,—
 Gently to soothe life's hours of shade,
 And soften its meridian glow ?

Look forth, then, with no careless eye,
On all so bright beneath, above,
And read thou, in the laughing sky,
A lesson of eternal love.
Oh gaze upon the faithful year,
Bright in returning beauty shine,
And learn to trust the ceaseless care
That guides earth's changing course, and thine.

E.

May, 1839.



LINES.

NCE more, mine own beloved, the ray
 Of Autumn gilds the mellow earth,
 And brings to us again the day,
 The blessèd day, that gave Thee birth.
 And though in every leaf I see
 The warning hue of Nature's doom,
 Yet seems this hour more bright to me,
 Than Springtime glow or Summer bloom.

No marvel : Time's swift fleeting wing,
 That bears away each circling year,
 But seems for us fresh love to bring,—
 New cause to make thee doubly dear.
 And every pleasure, every pain,
 That round our path of life may twine,
 But closer binds affection's chain,
 And makes thy joys, thy sorrows, mine.

Oh ! say, then, can I see the day
 That gave Thee birth, return unmoved,
 Nor thus for every blessing pray,
 To crown the head of one so loved ?

And if a sigh, a tender tear,
 Could fall upon this festal day,
 It is to think, another year
 Of thy dear life has passed away.

Thou art in manhood's glory now ;
 I will not think that time can e'er
 Trace deepening lines on that fair brow,
 Or tinge with snow that anburn hair :
 And if across thy morning sky,
 Some chastening shadows seemed to lower,
 Oh, cloudless may thy noontide be,
 And calmly bright thine evening hour !

God bless thee, dearest ! Words can say,
 And heart desire, with anxious love,
 No more than those few accents pray,
 Of peace below and joy above.
 Oh ! may His blessing on thee rest,
 In every scene, in every hour ;—
 The heart of her who loves thee best,
 Can ask for thee, can wish no more.

E.

October 6, 1839.



LINES.



THOU Moon, that now with melancholy grace
 Glidest athwart the clear and wintry sky,
 As calmly shining on the frost-bound earth,
 As when it basked in Summer's deep repose,

I love to gaze upon thy queenly brow,
 Shining, like other monarchs of this earth,
 Surrounded by thy stars, and yet alone,
 And feel thou art the same, the very same.
 That first delighted childhood's upturned eye
 And glowing heart, with visions bright as fair,
 And seemed a world of wonders to enfold
 Within thy glittering ring. No marvel then
 Appeared too wild, too wondrous, to believe :
 And fancy peopled soon thine airy realms,
 With beings, varied as the countless dreams
 Of joyous infancy. For who can paint
 The unsought pleasures of that early time,
 When every outward form that meets the eye,
 Or sound that strikes the ear, but seems to wake
 New springs of happiness, fresh founts of joy,
 That gush unceasing from the exhaustless wells
 Of childhood's glowing heart? But never more
 Can ye return again, bright cloudless days ;
 For care and pain were then alike to ye

Unfelt, unknown. Alas! with all, too soon
 The golden hours of infancy are past ;
 The spotless heart receives the world's first stain,
 And learns—perchance unconsciously—to feel
 That sin and sorrow ever here below
 Come hand in hand. And though each passing year
 Brings shadows, light at first, but deeper felt
 As life rolls onward, with its gathering tide
 Of joys and sorrows, still 'tis well to feel,
 The perfect bliss of childhood's morning hour
 Could only shine upon a stainless mind,
 A purity, which, once the world's cold breath
 Has dimmed its snow, can never come again.

No ; though the mighty river may sweep on,
 With all the lustre of the summer skies
 Reflected on the glorious mirror of its breast,
 Yet never more can those deep waters seem
 To dance with murmuring gladness on their way,
 Like the bright mountain streamlet whence they sprang
 And life's meridian tide, with placid flow,
 May glide unruffled on its peaceful course ;
 But once the joyous dayspring has gone by,
 And merry childhood's shallow sparkling rill
 Has blended with the deeper waves of time,
 The midday sun can touch that shaded stream
 With living light no more.

Yet would not I,
 With cold ingratitude, thus seem to mourn,
 As if the hours of infancy alone
 Were fraught with purest joy ; for my fair lot

Has been, and is, with countless blessings stored,
 That every year seems showering freshly down,
 As rich as undeserved. The holiest ties
 That earth can know, are twining round my heart,—
 The wife's, the mother's untold bliss are mine ;
 And I look back upon life's glowing morn
 With fond remembrance, but without a sigh,
 Unless for wasted talents, misspent hours,
 For many a blessing, duly valued now,
 Unprized, unheeded then. And I can gaze
 On thee, bright watcher of the silent night !
 With feelings warm as in that early time,
 Although their brightest hues perchance may seem
 Subdued and softened now. The visioned dreams
 That floated round thee may have passed away,
 But still 'tis sweet to watch thy silver orb
 Glide on in silence through the midnight sky,
 And feel, that liquid lustre falls as clear
 Upon the mountains of my native land,
 Those scenes familiar from life's earliest dawn,
 Alas ! how distant now ! and sweeter still
 To think that other eyes, beloved and dear,
 Though scattered wide upon the world's rough waves,
 Perchance at this same moment gaze on thee ;
 Perchance with swelling heart may breathe for me,
 The blessing that I fondly breathe for them.

E.

December, 1839.

TO MY SLEEPING CHILDREN.

NOW calmly ye are sleeping now,
 Sweet innocents, without a care!
 No shade of earth on each fair brow,
 No cloud amid the sunshine there.
 Still free from every mortal stain,
 Ye slumber like the folded flowers,
 And only live in dreams again
 The sinless sports of waking hours.

Oh, loveliest morn of life's brief day,
 'Tis sweet to watch thy dawning light,
 And strive to mark the first pale ray
 That breaks upon the mental night;
 To guard with fond, unceasing care,
 The opening mind, the guileless heart,
 And feel a light is kindled there,
 Not death itself can bid depart.

And yet, as thus I fondly bend
 Above each slumbering cherub's rest,
 Deep, anxious thoughts will oftentimes blend,
 Amid the joy that thrills my breast.

Their future lot—the woe, the weal,
 That each in coming years may prove ;
 All this a mother's heart must feel,
 And ponder o'er with trembling love.

Our firstborn darling ! on thy head
 May every blessing earth can know,
 And Heaven can give, be richly shed,
 To light and cheer thy path below :
 And if the lot of all must shade
 At last the brightness of that brow,
 E'en when thy heart's first light is fled,
 Oh ! may it still be pure as now.

And thee, my baby boy, for thee
 Arises many an anxious prayer ;
 Man's sterner portion thine must be,
 And manhood's perils thou must share.
 But mayst thou not unworthy prove
 To bear thy father's honoured name ;
 And oh ! may God, in boundless love,
 Keep thee from danger, sin, and shame.


My cherished ones, how calm, how deep
 The slumber seems that binds ye now !
 Long may ye thus securely sleep,
 Nor dream of aught but bliss below.
 The soft closed eye, the damask cheek,
 The gentle breathing scarce perceived,
 All seem of perfect bliss to speak,
 Of hearts no sorrow yet has grieved.

God bless ye both with ceaseless love,
And keep ye in life's narrow way,
To ever seek those joys above
Earth cannot give or take away !
Sleep on in peace, and may ye wake
With joy to greet to-morrow's light!
One parting look I yet must take,
And now, my gentle ones, Good night !

E.

February 14, 1840.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.


 S when, some waymark reached at last,
 The wanderer turns him back once more.
 And pausing lingers o'er the past,
 Then speeds him onward as before ;
 E'en so, when days like this return,
 We feel another stage is gone,
 And turn with eyes that almost mourn,
 To gaze on hours for ever flown.

Mine own beloved ! I scarce can deem
 Another year has passed away,
 So few the fleeting moments seem,
 Since last I hailed thy natal day ;
 And yet in that short space our home,
 Alas ! both life and death has known :
 One precious babe to cheer us come,
 One faithful friend for ever gone.

'Tis solemn thus to stand beside
 The waymarks of our path below,
 And turn to watch the living tide
 Of joy and sorrow's ceaseless flow ;

To feel the weight of care and sin
 Amid earth's narrow circle bound,—
 The woe without, the grief within,
 One little year may compass round.

Yet, dearest, as we ponder o'er
 Life's "mingled yarn" of good and ill,
 Must we not gratefully adore
 The love that has so blessed us still?
 Yes, we indeed at least must own,
 In pleasant lands our lot is cast,
 And every year that we have known,
 But adds fresh mercies to the past.

Thy natal day has come again
 On wings of speed, and still to me,
 It seems as if time's lengthening chain
 But closer binds my heart to thee;
 And if the lot which all must share
 Has sometimes dimmed our pathway here,
 Yet I have felt no grief, no care,
 But what thy love could soothe and cheer.

God's choicest blessings rest on thee,
 Belov'd husband! may thy days
 Be bright, and lengthened out to see
 Thy children's children meet thy gaze.
 And oh! may we, whate'er befall,
 In love unchanged and changeless dwell,
 And only part, when Death shall call,
 To meet where none shall breathe Farewell.

E.

October 6, 1840.

TO MY BOY.



ONCE more, once more, the dying year
 Trembles beside the gulph of time ;
 And yet how few the days appear
 Since first we hailed her hour of prime !
 It scarcely seems one month ago
 That we beheld her morn arise,
 And thought upon the joy or woe
 Might light or dim her future skies.

And now that solemn hour draws nigh,
 When every heart must pause again,
 And ponder o'er the days gone by,
 The awful future's shortening span :
 Shadows around the past may close,
 But lights are there both bright and clear,
 Such as on this glad day arose,
 To gild and cheer our pathway here.

My boy, one year has passed away
 Since thy sweet eyes awoke on earth,
 And first on this auspicious day,
 With thankful joy we hailed thy birth.

That year to thee, one dream of love,
 Has passed without a care or sin ;
 O that thy future lot might prove
 As calm without, as pure within !

Blessings upon that merry heart,
 That joyous laugh and clear blue eye ;
 Death's awful shade, and sorrow's smart,
 Without a stain have passed thee by :
 And still I trust, for many a year,
 No grief may dim that sunny brow,
 Save such as childhood's ready tear
 And mingling smile betokens now.

Thy father's pride, thy mother's joy,
 Hope of an ancient race art thou ;
 And on thy head, my firstborn boy,
 Full many a blessing centres now.
 Oh ! may thy morn of life repay
 An hundredfold our anxious cares,
 And manhood's ever brightening day
 Prove thee the child of many prayers.

But thou, sweet innocent, must brave
 At last the strife of man's career,
 And stem perchance life's stormy wave,
 Afar from all who hold thee dear.
 Alas ! too soon the world may lure
 From wisdom's way thy guileless heart,
 And dim that spirit bright and pure,
 Till hope grows cold and joys depart.

But shouldst thou sadly turn again
 To hours when life was fresh and new,
 Oh! may thy mother's blessing then
 Fall on thy heart like evening dew,
 And o'er thy softened soul once more
 Thy father's holy precepts come,
 To win thee back from earthly war,
 And melt thee with the thought of home.

Oh! ever be as now thou art,
 The beautiful, the undefiled ;
 With guileless mind and trustful heart,
 In purity at least a child.
 And on thy heart as on thy brow,
 Still may thy father's image rest,
 To tread like him thy path below,
 And live by all around thee blessed.

What blessing shall I crave for thee,
 Thou child of fondest hope and love?—
 That God may still thy portion be,
 Thy strength on earth, thy hope above.
 And oh! for thee, if grief and joy
 Alike be touched with heavenly fire,
 Thy mother's heart, my firstborn boy,
 No more can ask, no more desire.

E.

December 30, 1840.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.



WHILE on those well-known portraits
 round,
 I often gaze alone,
 Two, 'mid the forms unknown to me,
 I love to look upon.

The same fair face they both pourtray—
 Both young and happy seem ;
 And oft they come upon my heart,
 Like visions of a dream.

And yet, long numbered with the dead,
 That face I never knew ;
 But still, amid familiar ones,
 It seems familiar too.

Yes ; on thy brow, sweet ancestress !
 Full oft I love to gaze,
 And mark thy fair and graceful form,
 Thy garb of other days :

For thine is that sweet, nameless spell,
 That steals o'er every heart,
 And lingers 'mid the memories
 That never can depart.

The light of peace and holy joy
 Is shining on thy brow ;
 And every speaking feature tells
 That thou art happy now.

No care has dimmed thy spirit yet,
 No earthly shade is nigh ;
 Thy gentle gravity but speaks
 Of holy thoughts and high.

Thy heart and hand alike are bound
 In wedlock's sacred bands ;
 And by thy side, in manly youth,
 Thy happy husband stands.

All earth is full of hope to thee ;—
 The past a dream of youth,—
 The future one bright path of love,
 Of tenderness and truth.

No marvel thou art happy then,—
 No marvel, as I gaze,
 That peaceful brow should seem a pledge
 Of bright and lengthened days !

Then to that other face I turn ;—
 Thou still art young and fair,
 And happy too,—and yet, methinks
 A gentle change is there.

A shade of quiet thoughtfulness
 Is on thy placid brow ;
 As if the cares of motherhood
 Were stealing o'er thee now.

And mingling there, there seems a tinge
 Of gentle sadness too ;—
 Not sorrow, but some thought that comes
 To soften and subdue.

Thy pensive eyes seem watching, where
 Thy happy children play ;
 While blending with thy thoughts of them,
 Come hours long past away.

The loved, the lost, the holy dead
 Are swiftly passing by,
 And blending with the fairy forms
 That glad thy loving eye.

I like to look upon that face ;
 It ever seems to me
 An image of what woman's heart
 And woman's life should be :—

A loving spirit, lowly mind,
 A gentle heart and fair,
 So filled with home, the world can find
 No room to enter there.

And such tradition says wert thou :
 To all around thee dear ;
 Thy pious life and bounteous hand
 Are still remembered here.

But soon, alas ! thy race was run ;
 Scarce ten short years had fled
 Of thy calm wedded life, when thou
 Wert numbered with the dead.

Nor cloudless e'en that fleeting day ;
For thou, in those few years,
O'er more than one sweet infant, shed
A mother's bitterest tears :

And far away from thy loved home,
Where happiest years had sped,
Thy fragile form decayed at last,
Thy gentle spirit fled.

And only two memorials now
Of all thy worth remain ;—
Thy portrait on the wall,—thy tomb,
In yonder holy fane.

But still, whene'er I gaze upon
That fair and gentle brow,
I trust, as thou wert happy then,
Thou art far happier now.

E.

January 15, 1841.



THE HARVEST MOON.



THE Harvest Moon ! how silently
 She glides along the sky,
 And seems to look upon this earth
 With calm, benignant eye !
 Lonely her path, but still there shines
 Fresh radiance on her brow,
 As if she felt how many a heart
 Her light rejoices now.

No star is near thee, lovely Moon ;
 Yet brighter seems thy power
 Than when a thousand round thee shone,
 In Summer's warmest hour :
 And still that Summer lingering seems,
 Although her reign is past,
 To pour one parting blessing forth
 The brightest and the last !

How still and calm is all around !
 No breath upon the air,
 No jarring sound, to break the spell
 Of moonlight stillness there :
 Only the sheepbell's distant sound,
 The night-breeze bears along,
 Or wafts upon the listening ear
 The reaper's homeward song.

Clear seen in that deep solemn light,
 Against the dark blue skies,
 Like giant spirits of the past,
 Yon ancient woods arise :
 And on each immemorial tree,
 Whose birthtime none can know,
 The moonlight quivers brightly now,
 As centuries ago.

Yes ! changeless 'mid a changing world,—
 Undimmed where all grows dim,—
 Bright as when first from earth arose
 Creation's morning hymn :
 Beloved alike by youth and age,
 The gentle and the brave,—
 That radiance gilds man's cradled sleep,
 And shines upon his grave !

Thou pensive Moon ! as thus I gaze
 Upon thy glistening brow,
 Swift wake the dreams of other days,
 And scenes far distant now.
 Upon my native hills once more
 'Thou risest, young and fair ;
 But shall I e'er behold again
 Thy silver lustre *there* ?

Alas ! I know not,—still the thought
 Of many a youthful hour
 Comes borne upon that gentle ray,
 With sad yet soothing power.

The past, with all its light and shade,
 Seems traced upon thy brow,
 Blent with the calmer, purer beam
 That falls around me now.

Moon, moon! thy melancholy smile
 Has some mysterious power,
 To wake in every breast the thought
 Of life's best, holiest hour.
 E'en hearts the world has chilled and seared,
 Tremble beneath thy ray,
 With long-lost dreams of youth and hope,
 Of feeling passed away.


Till, 'mid the overwhelming calm
 That hushes earth and main,
 Tears, soft as childhood's, gush once more,
 Like Summer's freshening rain.
 And feelings long despised as vain—
 Love, confidence, and truth—
 Burst from their sleep, to wring the soul
 With thoughts of home and youth!

No marvel, then, sweet Moon! that hearts
 Cast in a softer mould
 Should read in thee sweet memories,
 Dreams of the days of old.
 No marvel, high and holy thoughts
 Should own thy wakening power,
 And rise to bless the Hand that gave
 The moonlight's gentle hour!

E.

September 2, 1841.

LINES.

T is a morn in Autumn time,
 A morn to me most dear,
 Though Spring's first bloom has passed away,
 And Summer flowers are sere.

But though the year's green youth is gone,
 Yet, o'er her matron brow,
 This one bright hour to me can shed
 A light unknown till now.

And wherefore ? Dearest ! thou canst tell
 Why glad should be the day
 That first beheld thy dawn of life,
 Thy being's opening ray.

For since together we have trod
 Our mingled pathway here,
 This morn has ever seemed to me
 The brightest of the year.

And yet, sometimes a gentle shade
 Will steal across that sky,
 Blent of the future and the past,
 Of hope and memory.

For who can think without a sigh,
 Of happy years gone past,
 In love unchanged by grief or care,
 Firmer for every blast !

Or ponder o'er the days to come,
 Without an anxious heart,
 That trusts for blessings, but still fears
 To see some joy depart.

Yet still, my best beloved ! while thou
 And thy dear love are mine,
 This earth can never dreary seem,
 This heart can ne'er repine !

Dost thou not, Dearest ! feel how swift
 Days seem to hurry past,
 Till each successive year appears
 More shortlived than the last ?

For since the hour that made us one,
 Though life its cares must bring,
 Yet time has ever seemed to me
 To fly on swiftest wing.

And but for those sweet little ones
 That rising round us come,
 I scarce could think four wedded years
 Had glided o'er our home.

But their glad voices, soft and clear,
 Their tiny footsteps' sound,
 Tell that old Time is pacing on
 His sure though silent round.

A thousand blessings rest on them ;
And mayst thou live to see
Heaven's choicest gift, thy children prove
A crown of bliss to thee !

And thou, dear Love, more dear than e'en
Those little ones to me,
May every blessing God can give
Thine earthly portion be :

And every birthday find us bound
In fonder, holier love ;
Treading the path of duty here,
With hearts and hopes above !

E.

October 6, 1841.



SONG.

FOR THE AIR, "CATHLEEN O'MORE."



H! tell me, beloved one, dost thou think of
me,
As in joy and in sorrow I've thought upon
thee,

With affection and faith Time never could move?

Mine early Love!

Long years have passed over, and thou art afar;
Yet still unto thee my heart turns as its star,
And in absence and doubt it still cannot rove,

Mine early Love!

Since the hour that we parted, though chequered my lot,
Through sickness and sadness I've lived on the thought
That *thou* yet mightst return, and still faithful prove,

Mine early Love!

But if thou hast forgotten the dream of thy youth,
And the heart that loved thee with such patience and
truth,

It in silence may break, but unchanging prove,

My first, last Love!

E.

November 3, 1841.

SONG.

FOR THE AIR, "ROSE! THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER."



ROSE! thou art the fairest flower
 That we have loved in childhood's hour;
 Bright in that sweet morning's prime;
 And still, in life's meridian time,
 O'er thee thoughts of youth and Spring,
 A wreath of gladness seem to fling:
 Then shine, sweet Rose! still brightly shine,
 For hope and joy around thee twine.

Rose! thou art pale Memory's flower!
 Many a bygone cheerful hour,
 Scenes long past of joy or pain,
 Thy mingled hues can wake again.
 Dreams of happy years gone by
 Are floating on thy fragrant sigh:
 Then shine, sweet Rose! still calmly shine,
 For Memory's pensive hues are thine!

E.

December 4, 1841.

NEW YEAR'S SONNET.



HAPPY and a bright New Year to thee,
 Mine own dear Love!—aye, and full
 many a one,
 More blest than even those whose race is
 run,

Mayst thou in peace and safety live to see!

What our allotted span of life may be,

God only knows; and we can only pray,

That step by step, from sin and danger free,

His Hand may lead us on our earthly way.

This is a social time, a festal day,

When home-fires blaze, and kindred meet with glee.

I can but think on loved ones far away,

And from the bed of sickness breathe for *thee*,

And those sweet babes who all our fondness share,

A wife's, a mother's warmest, holiest prayer!

E.

January 1, 1842.

EVENING HYMN.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.



LORD Most High! with humble prayer
 A little child implores Thy care,
 To guard me through the long dark night,
 From every danger and affright.

Oh! let Thy holy Angels keep
 Their watch around me while I sleep;
 For nothing bad can hurt me then,
 Till light and morning come again.

For Jesu's sake, forgive me, Lord,
 Each rebel thought and angry word;
 And help me every day, to try
 Some fault to cure, some sin to fly.

I am Thy child!—oh, keep me still,
 Beneath thy care, from every ill;
 And lead me on as Thou seest best,
 With Thee at last to find my rest.

E.

January 23, 1842.

SONNET.



THE earliest flower that comes the Spring to
cheer,
Thy little hand hath fondly brought to me,
My firstborn Child! and precious as to
thee,

Hast rightly deemed the offering would appear:
For never Eastern gem could seem so dear

To thy fond Mother's heart, as that pale thing.
Thy simple gift—the firstborn of the year.

And meetest tribute that thy love could bring.
Long may that flower thy fitting emblem be,

My precious child! Oh, may thy folded youth
Behold thee blend its spotless purity,

With gentle lowliness and trusting truth:
And ever fly, as now, to find thy rest
In earth's best refuge still,—a parent's breast!

E.

March 1, 1842.

SONNET.



WE bring your portion to the world with ye,
 Sweet helpless ones!—that yearning tender-
 ness,
 Which thrills parental hearts, when first
 they bless
 The new-born heirs of immortality!
 Oh! passing strange, methinks, the mystery
 Of that deep love a mother's bosom feels,
 When the first feeble wail of infancy
 Upon her ear in plaintive murmur steals:
 A voice responsive wakes within her then;
 And if, perchance, her firstborn once she thought
 Was loved as none could ever be again,
 Yet each in turn its own new love has brought;
 And though that *one* had seemed her heart to fill,
 Yet room is there for all, and equal fondness still!

E.

March 31, 1842.

SONNET.



AS from her grassy nest the skylark springs,
 With eager haste, surprised to see how
 soon
 The glorious sun has reached his hour of
 noon,
 And sweeter e'en than at his rising sings;
 So, dearest, when this morn returning brings
 That hour of brightest hope—our bridal day,—
 I start to think that on time's silent wings
 Five years of wedded love have passed away!
 And yet rejoice to feel that love still glows,
 With all the fervour of its morning hours,
 And only deepens with each cloud that throws
 A warning shadow o'er earth's brightest bowers,
 Veiling the sunshine which too often seems
 To wither thankless hearts that ought to prize its beams.

E.

July 4, 1842.

M O R N I N G H Y M N.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.



LORD ! another night is past,
 The cheerful morning come at last ;
 And safely kept from every ill,
 I wake in health to praise Thee still.

Thine angels have been round my bed,
 And watched beside my sleeping head ;
 O let them guard me through this day,
 And every danger ward away.

Lord, look on me Thy lowly child,
 Oh ! make me gentle, good, and mild ;
 A guileless spirit, trusting heart,
 And truthful tongue to me impart.

Help me to love, with honour due,
 My father and my mother too ;
 And all their least commands this day
 Without a murmuring thought obey.

So when again dark night is near,
 I may lie down without a fear ;
 Breathe forth to Thee my simple prayer.
 And sleep in peace beneath Thy care.

E.

Barns'on, August 21, 1812.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

BELOVED in youth, and still as each brief
 year
 Of wedded bliss too swiftly passes o'er.
 With every added blessing loved still more.
 With every sorrow only proved more dear.
 No marvel, that with mingling smile and tear
 I greet the morning of thy natal day,
 And vainly strive to breathe upon thine ear
 The countless blessings that for thee I pray.
 Three loved ones too, the last a new-blown flower.
 Now press around, thy fond embrace to share,
 And hail with childish glee this joyful hour,
 To them unclouded by one thought or care.
 O that God's choicest gifts on them and thee
 May ever rest for time, and for eternity!

E.

October 6, 1842.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.



HIS is the day when Jesus Christ
 A holy Babe was born,
 And we must greet, with thankful joy,
 The happy Christmas morn.

For God's own Son forsook, to-day,
 The shining courts on high ;
 For us to be a lowly Child,
 To suffer, and to die.

The watching shepherds saw that night
 A glory like the day,
 And angel voices bid them seek
 The stable where He lay.

And all around, the heavenly host
 A holy song began,—
 "Glory to God on high, in earth
 Peace and good will to man."


Lord, make us feel with grateful love
 What Thou for us hast borne,
 And every year more fitly greet
 The happy Christmas morn.

E.

December 4, 1842.

PLANTING THE TREE.

DECEMBER 3, 1842.

 WAS one of those soft, sunny days
 This winter oft hath knowe,
 When Autumn lingers in the sky,
 Though long her tints have flown ;
 That we on yonder verdant hill,
 With giant timber crowned,
 Stood, where at last a noble tree
 Lay prostrate on the ground.

For one, who oft in childhood's years
 Beneath its shadow played,
 The aged woodman, grey and worn,
 A simple boon had prayed,—
 That ere he died, his hand might plant
 Another sapling there,
 And that his master's little ones
 With him the task might share.

Sooth, 'twas a lovely sight to see
 Those two fair children stand,
 And hold, with conscions pride, the tree,
 Each in its little hand ;

While at their feet the grey-haired man,
 Almost as happy then,
 Threw in the fresh-turned earth, and felt
 For that hour young again.

But deep the moral nature points
 On all the things of time ;
 Sweet babes ! ye scarce can hope to see
 That sapling in its prime.
 Yet, when the light of childhood shone
 Upon that old man's brow,
 The ancient trees around him waved
 As vast and proud as now.

His task is done ; the last green turf
 Around the tree is pressed,
 And on his work the aged man
 Gazes with swelling breast ;—
 “ There firm and straight it stands, my hand
 Can do no more, I trow ;
 God's blessing now, His sun and rain,
 Alone can make it grow.

“ And thou, fair boy, my master's son !
 Oh, may'st thou live to see
 That little sapling thou hast held
 A brave and shadowy tree !
 And should thy days be spared like mine,
 Till thou art old and grey,
 Forget not thou the aged man
 Who planted it to-day.”

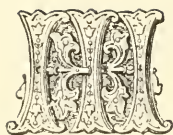
Fear not, old friend ; a scene like this
 Sinks deep in childhood's heart,
And lingers 'mid the memories
 That never can depart.
If he is spared, long after days
 May all forgotten be,
But, blent with childhood's brightest dreams,
 He will remember thee.

E.

December 30, 1842.



SONNET.



Y children! as I watch from year to
 year
 The gradual brightening of that
 heaven-born ray,
 Which seems to shine in every guileless way,
 The earnest question and believing ear,—
 No marvel that I feel with anxious fear,
 The charge that rests upon a mother's soul;
 The future weal or woe of those so dear
 Seems almost placed beneath *her* first control,
 To whose deep love the Church restores again,
 From the baptismal fountain born anew,
 Christ's little ones, with ceaseless care to train,
 In trustful reverence and submission due,
 To watch and strive and pray, then humbly rest,
 Secure what Thou, O Lord, shalt choose, must still be
 best.

E.

March 19, 1843.



GOOD FRIDAY HYMN.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

UPON this sad and solemn day
 The Son of God was slain,
 And nailed upon the dreadful cross,
 To die in shame and pain.

They bound with thorns His bleeding brow,
 They pierced with spears His side ;
 They scourged and spit on Him, and dared
 To mock Him as He died.

But lo ! the sky grew dark as night !
 Earth shook with sudden fear,
 And they who watched Him trembling cried,
 The Son of God is here !

His loved disciples on that eve
 Came weeping and forlorn,
 And laid Him in the silent tomb,
 To rest till Easter morn.


For us He died, for us He bore
 Such sorrow and such pain :
 Lord, may Thy death be life to us,
 Thy grief our endless gain !

E.

April 14, 1843.

E A S T E R H Y M N.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

 HE joyful day at last is come,
 When Jesus rose again,
 And burst from out the rocky tomb
 Where He three days had lain.

They set a watch and sealed the stone,
 But at the dawn of day
 An angel of the Lord came down,
 And rolled that stone away ;


And bid the women weeping there
 Come see where He had lain,
 And to His friends with haste declare
 That Jesus lived again.

O Saviour ! grant that while we live,
 To sin we all may die ;
 So Thou to us new life shall give,
 When we in death shall lie.

E.

April 16, 1843.

SONNET.


 ONE own beloved, on this auspicious
 day,
 When the brief circle of another year.
 In mingled light and shadow past away,
 Brings back the natal day of one so dear,—
 What can I breathe upon thy partial ear,
 Unless a tale oft told, but still most true,
 Of deep affection, love that knows no fear,
 And thy unchanging fondness, ever new?
 May God still bless thee, and thou shalt be blest!
 May His hand ever lead thee here below,
 In joy or grief to find in Him thy rest;
 And still, through every scene of joy or woe,
 Oh, dearest! would that I could prove to thee
 The stay, the all in all, that thou hast been to me.

E.

Dover, October 6, 1843.



LINES.



WE have looked our last on the well-known
 walls,
 Which we may behold no more ;
 At least they will wear a far other hue
 Than for us they have worn before.
 We have met with glee round the social board,
 Where we never may meet again,
 Though dear must those hours to memory be,
 While life or while thought remain.

For blent with the fairest of youthful dreams
 That familiar spot has been ;
 And remembrances dear as life's young spring
 Have hallowed the lowly scene.
 The quiet hamlet, the old grey church,
 E'en the forms that within it bow,
 Are blent with the hopes of those early years,
 Fulfilled, and how brightly ! now.

But ye, dear friends, so long loved and well,
 From these peaceful scenes must roam,
 To seek, though the noon of life be past,
 Another and far-off home.

But with the truest of all farewells,
 And best, ye shall hence depart :
 The heart-warm blessing, the tearful prayer,
 Of many a lowly heart.

And though now ye must leave at duty's call
 The home of long-wedded years,
 Yet blessed be God that ye leave it not
 With widowed and orphan tears.
 But ye go with a calm and trustful heart,
 To find in another sphere
 The same circle of holy toil and love,
 The same fireside peace as here.


'Tis mournful to think of familiar scenes,
 Forsaken by those so dear ;
 Of the youthful voices, the laughter's sound,
 That shall echo no longer here.
 But turn we with hope to the coming hours,
 On the past let us cease to dwell,
 And bid ye God-speed to your future home,
 As to this we now sigh farewell.

E.

February 21, 1844.



THE ABSENT GROUP.


 AM far from ye, my little ones ; I do not hear
 the sound
 Of your tiny voices' music, and your footsteps
 falling round ;
 I cannot watch the fairy forms so precious in my sight,
 And mark their untamed eagerness, their gushing, wild
 delight ;
 Or see them at the evening hour all clustering round my
 knee,
 To breathe a prayer and warble praise with untaught
 melody ;
 And then with many a loving kiss and lingering good
 night,
 Receive their mother's blessing, and soon sink in
 slumber light.
 So I will cheer my lonely heart, and while away an
 hour
 By weaving in one wreath of song by turns each
 cherished flower.

Our firstborn is a gentle girl, a child not six years old,
 With thoughtful eyes of deepest blue, and form of
 graceful mould ;

Her first two summers passed away in sickness and in
 pain,
 But now—we thank His love who spared—she blooms
 with health again.
 And in her high, expansive brow and earnest eyes
 appears
 A look of serious thoughtfulness, almost beyond her
 years ;
 A loving, tender heart she hath, affections gushing o'er.
 And a mind that gathers knowledge fast, and ever thirsts
 for more.
 Yet merry as a bird is she. Oh ! first and dearest child,
 God ever keep thy heart as now, all pure and undefiled !

Next comes the child of many hopes, in truth, a noble
 boy,
 For four short years his little life has glided on in joy :
 His loving eyes are brightest blue, his face so sweet and
 fair
 That all his pure and kindly heart seems to be mirrored
 there.
 Blithe, frank, and free, he ever laughs at dangers and
 at fears,
 And yet a sight or tale of woe will melt him into tears.
 A noble, generous soul is his, but still so mild and
 sweet,
 That in that little heart the lamb and lion seem to
 meet.
 Oh, precious, precious boy ! many a peril thine must
 be ;
 May God be still thy Guard and Guide, and angels
 watch o'er thee.

And next we have a darling one ; a sprite not two years
 old,
 With soft blue eyes and skin of snow, and locks of
 molten gold.
 With many a merry frolic and many a winning way,
 She steals the hearts of all around, and smiles the live-
 long day ;
 A pet and plaything is she, to young and old most
 dear,
 And her silvery voice keeps ringing on, like music in
 our ear.
 Soft and loving is that little soul, if soon with anger
 swelled ;
 Yet a word or look will melt to tears, and all her wrath
 is quelled.
 My precious one ! through all thy life God keep thee as
 thou art,
 As free from every earthly stain, as pure and true of
 heart.

And last of all a baby boy, upon whose fair young head
 Eight fleeting moons have scarcely yet their silver lustre
 shed ;
 With dark blue eyes, and sweetest smile, and face so
 passing fair,
 That the germ of all most noble seems e'en now reflected
 there.
 Oh, cherished child ! God grant to thee, should He thy
 life allow,
 To grow in grace as thou hast grown in health and
 beauty now.

My precious ones ! I scarcee can tell for which most love
I bear,
For each in turn seems dearest, each claims an equal
share.
Farewell, until we meet again I only can recall
By night and day your fairy forms, and pray God bless
ye all !

E.

February 23, 1844.

THE TROUBLED DREAM.



MY baby boy ! in tears thou didst awake,
 Starting with terror from thy slumber
 light,
 And clinging to me in thy wild
 affright,
 Will scarcely yet be soothed or comfort take.
 Oh ! strange it is that dreams have power to shake
 With agony like this a sinless child,
 And of this world a troubled foretaste make,
 Where never yet its shadow hath defiled !
 We know that life unseen and unperceived
 Is ever round us ; spirits bright and pure,
 And fallen dark ones. Can some such have grieved
 The spotless heart he cannot yet allure ?
 Hush ! hush thee, dearest ! sleep, and we will pray
 Good angels may be ever round thee night and day.

E.

March 20, 1844.

LINES.

HUSBAND, dear husband! since I first for
 thee
 Entwined a birthday wreath of poesy,
 And vainly strove to make weak words
 express

A wife's, a woman's, untold tenderness,
 Five years have passed ; five brief and blessed years.
 Though not all clondless ; earth must still have tears,
 And fondest hearts at times the shadows know,
 That veil in mercy all most bright below.
 But still for us time's silent footfalls seem
 To bring no change in pure affection's dream ;
 No jarring chord to break the blissful spell
 Of wedded hearts that cannot love too well.
 Life passes on, its morning visions die
 Beneath the weight of stern reality ;
 But nothing time can bring, no smiles or tears,
 Can touch the love of youth, the love of years.
 And purer hopes and calmer joys are ours :
 Ay, mingled still with fancy's wildest flowers.
 The cares of life full often press on thee,
 Its lighter shadows fall at times on me ;
 But, dearest, mercies rich and boundless fill
 Our cup of life with ceaseless bounty still,

And every year that o'er our home has passed
 Has brought some blessing dearer than the last.
 Around us infant voices ring with glee,
 A gathering group of fairy forms we see ;
 And if for care and anxious thoughts they call,
 They bring their birthright, love that sweetens all.
 Love which parental hearts alone can feel,
 Unchilled by time, unchanged in woe or weal ;
 And hope that, quenched alone by sin and pain,
 Needs but one spark to light her torch again.


Oh ! may that hope undimmed for ever be !
 God bless them all ! and may'st thou live to see,
 The best reward of all thy pious cares,
 Each prove in turn the child of many prayers ;
 Each firmly walk in duty's narrow way,
 And cheer with fondest love thy closing day.

And now thy natal morn proclaims how fast
 Another year of manhood's prime has passed,
 How shall I best the struggling thoughts declare
 That throng for utterance ? All must end in prayer,
 That every blessing God can give as best
 For earth and heaven on thy dear head may rest ;
 That joy and grief alike to thee may prove
 The gentle tokens of a Father's love,
 And every year that He shall yet allow,
 May find us joined in heart and hand as now,
 Treading with humble hope and holy fear
 The path which duty points and love can cheer.

E.

October 6, 1844.

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMMITE WOMAN.

HENCE happy was thy life's unruffled flow,
And happier still thy calm, contented mind,
Which thus around thy quiet home could
find

The all that heart could wish or heaven bestow ;
But seldom is it woman's lot below

At once the joys of wedded love and truth
To share, yet " dwell among her own." Ah no,

Far oftener must she leave the home of youth,
With sad though willing heart break every tie,

To join the lot of one, than all more dear ;
For his loved sake 'mid strangers live and die,

Content his joys to share, his griefs to cheer ;
To find in one fond heart her earthly rest,
And in that holy love be satisfied and blessed.

E.

December 14, 1844.

SONNET.



YOUR wedding day! how swift that sound can
 bring
 A tide of rushing thoughts to life again!
 Love, youth, and joy, sweet hopes ac-
 complished then,
 And all the glowing hues of life's brief Spring.
 Eight years have passed, on swift though silent wing,
 Since joined to part no more, on this glad day
 We felt as if time now could never fling
 One passing shadow o'er our onward way.
 Sunshine and shade alternate chequering mark
 The path of all; yet, dearest, still to me
 Thy love can brighten all that seems most dark;
 The lot thou sharest never dim can be.
 O that each future year in mercy given
 May find our hearts still joined on earth, but fixed in
 heaven!

E.

July 4, 1845.

TO EMMA LAURA.

AGED THREE YEARS.



THOU art dancing on before me,
 My little happy child ;
 While I, beneath this summer sky,
 Wander on in languid luxury,
 To dreamy thoughts beguiled.

Sweet is this "leafy month of June,"
 With all its glorious flowers,
 But sweeter far to watch the rose
 That on thy cheek unclouded glows,
 The hue of life's best hours.

And brighter than the summer sky
 'Thine eyes' celestial blue,
 Thy radiant smile and sunny hair
 That mantles o'er thy forehead fair,
 In waves of golden hue.

Around me every leafy brake
 With woodland music rings ;
 But none so sweet as that wild lay,
 Thy little voice the livelong day
 For very gladness sings.

Dance on, dance on, my merry one !
 Sport through the summer hours ;
 Life will not always thus to thee
 One long, bright noon of sunshine be,
 One path of thornless flowers.

Thy morn is only opening now ;
 O that through life's long day
 The sunlight of this early time,
 The dewy freshness of thy prime,
 Might never pass away !

Thou hast thy mother's name, my child ;
 Her anxious love for thee
 No better earthly wish can prove,
 Than that thy lot of wedded love
 As blessed as hers may be.

But far that future ; short the path
 Thy little feet have trod.
 We cannot trace thine onward way,
 But only use the present day,
 And leave the rest to God.

And oh ! if now the precious seed
 In humble faith is cast,
 We well may trust that sun and shower
 Will surely bring our folded flower
 To bloom in heaven at last !

E.

June, 1845.

SONNET.



ANOTHER Birthday ! oh, how fast each
 year
 Of wedded bliss on noiseless pinions flies !
 How doubly swift Time's waymarks
 seem to rise,

As glides away our brief sojourning here !
 Beloved Husband ! scarcely could I deem

The day so dear to me had come again,—
 So well has thy deep love prolonged the dream

Of youth and hope ! did not our infant train
 Another loved one bring,—another voice

To lisp fond greetings on thy natal day,
 And bid our hearts with grateful warmth rejoice

In all the blessings strewed upon our way :
 Oh that God's holiest gifts on them and thee
 Each year may richer rest ! earth needs no more for me.

E.

October 6, 1845.

DAILY SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

WITHOUT,—the roar of the unquiet
 world
 Rushes unceasing as a wintry wind ;
 Within,—the whirl of life seems left
 behind,
 The storm is lulled, the sails awhile are furled :
 And as a hush upon the troubled soul,
 Stillling its waves, the chanted prayers ascend ;
 Then, swelling like the mighty waters' roll,
 In songs of praise commingling voices blend :
 Oh, 'mid this scene of toil and busy strife,
 Who would not gladly fly for refuge here,
 Escape for one short hour the war of life,
 And seek fresh strength to bear,—fresh hope to cheer ?
 Alas ! how few that comfort strive to find,—
 Bring here their griefs—and leave at least the sting
 behind !

E.

March 23, 1846.

LINES.



Y Children, for whom first these simple
 lays
 Were faltered forth in lowly notes of
 praise,—
 Whose infant voices oft at even-time
 Warbled their strains in sweet and solemn chime ;
 If ye should haply, in long after years,
 Behold this gift which love alone endears,
 Will ye not then, with fond, regretful gaze,
 Turn back once more to childhood's merry days
 So long o'erpast ? that blessed Spring of love,
 When all was peace below and light above !
 And, as awakened memory swift recalls
 These peaceful scenes, these old paternal halls,
 Where well-remembered faces crowd around,
 And Parents' voices blend with every sound ;
 Will ye not think of all our tender cares,
 Our anxious thoughts for you—our ceaseless prayers,
 And dream for one short hour ye feel again
 A Mother's kiss—a Father's blessing then ?


But oh, beloved ones ! if through life's long day
 Ye fain would taste of joys that ne'er decay,
 Beware, lest that best gift should e'er depart,
 The fear of God, impressed on childhood's heart :

Beware, lest Conscience, pure and bright before,
Despised too long, should raise her voice no more,
And all the tender hues of life's young day,
Before its bloom has fled, should pass away :
But now, with glad obedience, holy fear,
Begin to tread the path of duty here,—
And strive, from childhood's dawn till life grows dim,
To do God's will, and leave the rest to Him !
So shall ye best reward our anxious cares,—
So best fulfil our hopes, our earnest prayers,—
So prove the crown for which our hearts have yearned,
A treasure lent from God, to Him with joy returned.

E.

Easter, 1846.

LINES.


 OST thou not feel, dear Love, how every
 day
 That in our own old home glides swift
 away,
 Whate'er the appointed portion each must bear,
 Of joy or sorrow, hope or chastening care,—
 But closer draws the ties which bind us here,
 And makes our place of rest seem doubly dear ?
 Yes ; as we think of all the happy years
 Spent *here* in love unchanged by cares and fears,—
 That first bright morn of all unclouded hue,—
 When life and wedded love alike were new ;
 The advancing day, that still so calm and bright
 But draws from passing clouds a purer light ;
 The treasured memories, every hour more dear,
 The future hopes which still must centre *here*,
 And more than all, the merry voices come,
 To fill our hearts, to bless our quiet home ;
 We feel no spot on earth, however fair,
 For us familiar charms like this can wear,
 And own with grateful hearts, that every year
 But makes our lot more blest, our home more dear.

And thus when now the bright October sun
 Proclaims another year its course has run,
 With love that strengthens as time slips away,
 I turn to greet once more thy natal day.

And many a prayer and blessing breathe for thee,
 Earth's dearest treasure,—Heaven's best gift to me !
 Another year has swiftly glided by,
 And though dark clouds awhile have dimmed our sky,
 Yet countless blessings, mercies ever new,
 Have dropped unceasing as the morning dew ;
 And love's calm sunshine, with unfailing power,
 Has cheered the gloomiest day, the darkest hour :
 And say, Beloved, can I now recall
 Thy love unwearied, patience bearing all,
 Thy tender care, thy firm but gentle hand,
 That ever strives to lead but not command,
 Nor feel respect, affection, deeper grown,
 With every year that makes thy worth more known,
 And strive with earnest heart thy toils to share,
 To soothe thy griefs, and lighten every care ?

God's best and choicest blessings rest on thee,
 Beloved Husband ! may'st thou live to see
 Our infant darlings thy best treasures prove,
 Thy stay on earth, thy crown of hope above !
 And every year that passes o'er our home,
 Find it more blest—us nearer that to come,—
 Treading through sunlit calm or stormy blast,
 The narrow path that leads to rest at last.

Unheeded now my lyre has slumbered long,
 And though but faint and low its wakening song,
 Thou, dearest, wilt not scorn the faltering lay,
 That strives to duly greet thy natal day ;
 Thou wilt accept the wild wreath wet with dew,
 That tells of love unfeigned, of feelings warm and true !

E.

October 6, 1846.

THE YEARS FAREWELL.



H! sad and solemn sounds thy voice,
 Thou old departing year!
 Why ring thy tones so mournfully
 Upon the listening ear?
 Full many a joyous hour was thine,
 But yet thy last farewell,
 Thy footsteps' swift receding sound,
 Falls like a passing-bell.

Ay, mortal! solemn is my voice,
 And sad it seems to thee;
 For still the echo of the past
 A mournful sound must be.
 That tongue is mine, whose awful tone
 Each human heart *must* hear;
 The voice within—stern conscience—speaks
 The knell of every year.

Look back upon my wasted hours
 No power can bring again:
 Think, that *for ever* as it stands,
 My record must remain.

My darkest hours, my bitterest tears,
 May turn to smiles at last,—
 But who can e'er recall again
 The sins that stain the past ?

It is not happiness gone by,
 It is not bitterest woes,
 That deepest shade my fleeting hours,
 Now hastening to their close.
 The memories of the loved and lost
 A gentle shadow cast,—
 For they, ye trust, may bless the hour
 That gave them peace at last.

But consciousness of powers misused,
 Time lost, for ever flown,
 The sins of thought, and word, and deed,
 The best, alas ! must own ;
 These form that spectre of the past,
 Which still at times will rise,
 These make the hours once bright and gay,
 Now mournful in thine eyes.

Yet, ere for ever I depart,
 My last monition hear,—
 Gird up thy loins, arise and live
 A life of faith and fear ;
 Short is the time, and great the work
 Thou must accomplish well :
 No warning voice may sound again ;
 Then rouse thee, and farewell.

E.

December 31, 1846.

LINES FOR MUSIC.



THROUGH distant lands I've wandered far,
 And basked 'neath sunny skies ;
 I've revelled in the joyous breeze,
 Where Alpine mountains rise :
 But never throbbed my heart so high,
 With hope and gladness then,
 As now, when o'er the waves I see
 Those snow-white cliffs again.


Talk not of balmy southern skies,
 Bright though their hues may be ;
 For warm glad hearts and beaming eyes
 Are worth them all to me :
 And such I know await me now,
 Across that dark blue main,—
 Oh, for a bird's swift wing to reach
 Those snow-white cliffs again !

For though all wild with youth and joy,
 I've loved afar to roam,
 Yet oft in dreams those pleading eyes
 Have gently lured me home ;
 And now at last, my heart beats high
 With rapture almost pain,
 As o'er the waves I bound, to reach
 Those snow-white cliffs again.

E.

February 26, 1847.

SONNET.

 HE holiest name to woman's lot can fall
 Is thine, my Mary, last and fairest child,—
 The name of her, that "Virgin Mother
 mild,"

Whom every age and tongue must blessèd call ;
 And her's, who meekly chose that better part,
 Earth could not give, and could not take away ;
 Who sat at Jesu's feet with lowly heart,
 And willing ear, that listened to obey.
 Oh, precious one ! on this thy natal day,
 What better prayer can parents breathe for thee,
 Than that through life thy brightest, best array,
 A meek and quiet spirit still may be ;
 A heart, which high and holy faith may bless,
 And glad obedience guide—earth's truest happiness?

E.

February 28, 1837.



SONNET.

IN health, or when beneath the feebleness
 Of recent suffering, mind and body bow,
 Still, dearest, would I strive alike as now,
 With faltering tongue thy natal morn to bless:
 And as I think of all thy tenderness,

In health or sickness, joy and grief the same,
 And watch our dear ones fondly round thee press,

Thy loving smile and warm caress to claim,—

No marvel if with swelling heart I pray,
 That choicest blessings thine and theirs may be,
 And bless the gracious Hand that gave to me

A love like thine to cheer mine onward way.
 Oh, what were earth without that love of youth?
 Life shows its faithfulness—Death only proves its truth.


E.

October 6, 1847.



TO ELEANOR MARGARET.

AGED 7 WEEKS.


 WEET Baby ! thou art slumbering
 Upon thy mother's knee,
 Unconscious still of all the love
 That ceaseless girdles thee.
 Thou know'st not yet the lips that oft
 Thy soft cheek fondly press,
 Nor all the untiring care that tends
 Thy feeble helplessness.

I scarce know wherefore, but it seems
 A solemn thing to me,
 To watch a sleeping infant's brow,
 From every passion free :
 To mark the dark-fringed lids that touch
 That cheek so pure and fair,
 The soft-drawn breath, the little hands,
 Folded as if in prayer.

Oh surely, something not of earth,
 The mournful beauty seems
 Of that calm brow, where still undimmed
 Baptismal water gleams.

No marvel that our world-stained hearts
 Should almost shrink with fear.
 And feel a holy thing like this,
 Brings Heaven itself more near.

Ah, there ! how sweet the transient smile
 That flits o'er lip and brow !
 Fain would I know, my precious one !
 The thoughts that bless thee now.
 Oh, who can tell what glorious sights
 Such sinless eyes may see ;
 How slight to them the veil that shrouds
 Eternal things may be ?

'Tis said, that village matrons deem,
 A babe's unconscious eyes
 Behold, in dreams, its future path
 Like some dim vision rise :
 But lovelier far the legend seems,
 Of mine own native isle,
 That angel voices whisper near,
 When sleeping infants smile.

Yes : sweet the dream : perchance e'en now
 They fan thee with their wings,
 While softly on thy slumbering ear
 Unearthly music rings.
 And oh, how far more blest to know,
 That in Heaven's highest place,
 The angels of these little ones
 Behold their Father's face.

Oh ! never may the guardian eyes
Of those bright watchers, see
Earth's shadows quench the living light
That now hath dawned for thee.
I kiss the sign upon thy brow,
Thou treasure newly given,
And pray, our only thought may be
To train thee up for Heaven.

E.

October 20, 1847.

SONG.



II, lady! sing that song again,
 For cold the heart must be
 That thrills not to thy melting voice
 With echoing harmony :


I cannot pour, as others do,
 Loud praises in thine ear,
 I can but feel each melting note,
 And thank thee with a tear.

There is a music in thy voice,
 A mournful, dreamy tone,
 That gives thee power to soothe and charm,
 With magic all thine own.
 Old memories waken from their sleep,
 Sweet thoughts of all most dear, —
 And I can only own thy spell,
 And thank thee with a tear.

For though within mine own old home
 Thy voice was never heard,
 Yet dreams of youth and other days
 With every note are stirred ;
 Far distant voices sound again,
 Belovéd forms are near :
 I can but bless thy melting tones,
 And thank thee with a tear.

E.

October, 1847.


 ND can I better close these pages, fraught
 With dear remembrances, and many a
 thought
 Of youth and home, of bright hours passed
 away,

And blessings still our own, than on this day,
 Our Wedding Day! to wake for thee once more
 Those "wood-notes wild" which thou hast loved of yore.
 To let this finished volume end the same
 As first it opened—with thine own loved name :
 And worthless though these early strains may be
 To all besides, (yet not, I trust, to thee !)
 To fondly ask, that thou wilt hold them dear,
 For sake of *her*, whose hand has traced them here ?

Oh! who can tell, how many a dream of youth,
 How many a thought of tenderness and truth,
 Of glowing hopes, of life's best morning hours,—
 The breath of Spring,—the scent of early flowers,
 Linger enshrined in these untutored lays,
 The faithful record of those bygone days!
 Here, early friendships live in all their truth;
 Here, later hours reflect the glow of youth;
 And deeper feelings, yearnings all must feel,
 For something more than earth can e'er reveal,
 Here murmur like the Spirit's fluttering wings,
 Her feeble strivings for immortal things.

Our children, too ! Here each beloved one shares
 A mother's hopes, a mother's fondest prayers.
 Oh ! may they, when long years have passed away,
 Recall her love in every heart-warm lay,
 And feel, how blest soe'er their lot be then,
 A love like hers earth cannot give again.
 And more than all, Belovèd Husband, here
 Full oft is told the tale, so true and dear,
 Of all thy tenderness, thy constant truth,
 And love, that glows as in the days of youth,
 Unchilled by time, unchanged by changing years,
 Life's brightest beam, the rainbow 'mid her tears.
 Oh, chance what may, can my heart e'er repine,
 While thou art spared, while that dear love is mine?

God's best and choicest gifts for ever rest,
 Dearest, on thee and them. Blessing and blessed,
 Oh, mayst thou pass along the narrow way,
 That leads—though oft through clouds—to endless day!
 And if, whene'er thine eye may chance to gaze
 On these brief records of departed days,
 A lay like this should soothe one careworn hour,
 Or waken thoughts which fall with softening power
 On one warm feeling which the world hath chilled,
 My task is done—my fondest hope fulfilled.

E.

July 1, 1848.

PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who walketh not
 In thoughtless sinners' ways,
 Nor standeth in the ungodly's path.
 Nor with the scornful stays :
 But in the law of God most high,
 Still finds his chief delight,
 And meditates therein by day,
 And through the silent night.

Like some fair tree that bends with fruit,
 Fed by the sparkling rill,
 His leaf shall ne'er decay, and all
 He does shall prosper still.
 But for the ungodly, — different far
 Shall pass their fleeting day,
 For they are like the scattered chaff
 The wild wind whirls away.

Oh! in the judgment's awful hour
 The godless shall not stand,
 Nor sinners raise their guilty heads
 Amid the righteous band.
 For all the doings of the just,
 The Lord now knows before,
 And then the way of godless men
 Shall perish evermore.

E.

January 13, 1839.

PSALM II.



WHY do the heathen fiercely rage,
 The people strive in vain,
 While kings and princes counsel take
 Against the Lord again?
 Yea, 'gainst His own Anointed One
 They lift their proud array;
 But we will burst their firmest bonds,
 And cast their cords away.

For He who dwells enshrined in light,
 Shall laugh their rage to scorn,
 Shall stretch His hand in judgment forth,
 And cause their tribes to mourn,
 He shall speak to them in His wrath,
 And vex the nations still:—
 Yet have I firmly set My King
 On Zion's holy hill.

That high decree I will declare,
 For God hath said to Me,
 Thou art mine only Son! this day
 Have I begotten Thee.

Now ask, and every heathen land,
 Earth's utmost wave-beat shore,
 Is Thine. Thou shalt possess them all,
 And reign for evermore.

Then Thou shalt place their guilty tribes
 Beneath an iron sway,
 Dissolve their impious rebel league,
 And dash them all away.
 Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings,
 And hear a warning voice ;
 Yea, turn and serve the Lord with fear
 And tremblingly rejoice.

Oh, kiss the Son, ere He shall come
 To steep the earth in blood :
 If He be wrath, how blest are they
 Whose trust is in their God !

E.

October 9, 1832.



PSALM III.

LORD, how are they increased now,
 That flock around to trouble me !
 Many there be that 'gainst me rise,
 And say, " God has no help for thee."

But Thou, O Lord, art still to me
 A shield from every venom'd dart ;
 Thou art my glory, and 'tis Thou
 That liftest up my trembling heart.

To God I cried with mournful voice,
 He heard me from His holy hill ;
 I laid me down and slept in peace,
 I woke, for He sustained me still.

I will not fear ten thousand foes,
 That threatening gather round my path ;
 Up, Lord, and help me, O my God,
 Thine arm shall smite them down in wrath.

Yea, Thou, with Thine Almighty power,
 Hast made the guilty nations bow ;
 To Thee salvation still belongs,
 Thy blessing for Thy people now.

E.

January 13, 1839.

PSALM VI.



LORD, rebuke me not in wrath.
Nor let Thine anger burn;
In pity chasten not my soul,—
Oh, when wilt Thou return?

Have mercy on my trembling frame,
That well-nigh sinks with fears;
Heal me, O Lord, for I am sad,
And wipe away my tears.

My soul, with sin and sorrow torn,
Now pants to view Thy face;
Oh, when wilt Thou, my God and King,
Return to me in peace?

Return, return to me, O Lord,
And as Thy mercies roll,
Incline Thine ear—attend my cry,
And save my trembling soul.

No thought of Thee, in Death's domain,
Can pierce the dismal gloom;
No lip can bless Thy holy Name,
When sleeping in the tomb.

With groans and sighs my strength is spent,
 My heart's oppressed with fears;
 From night to morn, my lonely couch
 Is watered with my tears.

Mine eye, no longer fired by joy,
 With grief consumes away;
 My foes oppress, and, bent with cares,
 I tread this weary way.

Depart, depart, ye sinful men,
 The dawn at length appears;
 The night is past—the Lord hath heard
 My mournful cries and tears.

Yea, He at length to my complaint
 Hath bent a listening ear;
 Let all my foes now flee away,
 For God hath heard my prayer.

E.



PSALM VIII.

LORD, our God, through all the earth,
 Thy Name is great alone,—
 Thou, who above the heavenly host
 Hast set Thy glorious throne.

Thou, from the mouth of helpless babes,
 Hast strength and might ordained,
 And proved to those who hate Thy Name,
 The power of Thy right hand.

Oh ! when my wondering eyes behold
 Thy heavens on high displayed,
 The glorious moon and gem-like stars,
 Which Thy right hand hath made ;

I feel with awe—oh ! what is man.
 That Thou, from Heaven above,
 Shouldst think of him, and, more than all,
 Shouldst bless him with Thy love ?

For Thou hast placed him next to those
 Who round Thy throne adore,
 And Thou hast crowned his helpless head,
 With glory, strength, and power.

Yea, Thou hast made him lord of all,
He reigns o'er land and sea ;
The beasts of earth, the fowls of air,
Are placed beneath his sway.

O God, our God, through all the earth,
Thy holy Name's adored :
Before Thy gracious feet we bow,
And own Thee King and Lord.

E.



PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?
 For ever?—oh, return!
 How long wilt Thou Thy presence veil,
 And make my spirit mourn?

How long shall I, with daily cares
 And sorrowing thoughts oppressed,
 Behold my sad and sinking soul
 By taunting foes distressed?

Consider, Lord; oh, hear my prayer,
 And light my gloomy path;
 Lest I should sink o'erwhelmed, dismayed,
 And sleep the sleep of death.

But still my firmest trust hath been
 In Thy sure mercies, Lord;
 And I shall yet rejoice to find
 Thy love my full reward.

Oh, then I'll sing and praise His Name,
 Who on my guilty head
 His brightest beams of light and love
 With endless mercy shed.

PSALM XX.

IN that dark day when sorrow comes,
 Oh, may the Lord attend thy cry.
 May Jacob's God be thy defence,
 And send thee help when none is nigh.

From Zion may He give thee strength,
 And call to mind thy offerings still,
 Grant thee in love thy heart's desire,
 And all thy warmest wish fulfil.

In Thy salvation we'll rejoice,
 And proudly lift our banner high,
 In God, our God's most holy name ;
 And oh ! may He attend thy cry.

Now know I that the Lord will hear,
 And bless His loved anointed one ;
 From heaven He soon will stretch His hand,
 To comfort and uphold His own.


Some in chariots trust for aid,
 Some on an arm of flesh repose ;
 But we'll remember His great name,
 Who dashed to earth our vaunting foes.

They are brought down and fallen low,
 But we are now exalted high,
 Save, Lord ! oh, King of Glory, hear,
 And when we call attend our cry.

E.

October 1, 1832.

PSALM XVI.


 AVE me, O God, in Thee I trust,
 My soul to Thee did say,
 Thou art my Lord, my righteousness
 Extendeth not to Thee,
 But to the saints, who still on earth
 Show forth their shining light,
 Yea, to the blessed, the excellent,
 In whom is my delight.

Still sorrows shall increase to those
 Who bow a willing knee
 To earthly gods ; but I will own
 No other Lord but Thee.
 Oh yes ! Thou art my portion still,
 Along mine earthly way,
 The joy that crowns my cup of life,
 And turns my night to day.

In pleasant lands my lot is cast.
 My heritage is blest ;
 And I will praise the Lord my light,
 Who guides me on to rest.
 I've set my God before me still,
 Yea, He is ever near ;
 And while His arm is my defence,
 I shall not move or fear.

Therefore my heart and soul rejoice,
My flesh in hope shall rest,
Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
With pain and gloom oppressed.
For canst thou let thine Holy One
The grave's corruption see?
Oh no! then point the path of life,
And lead me on to Thee.


Yea, in Thy presence life is found,
There grief and pain are o'er:
At Thy right hand the torch of joy
Is lit—to fade no more.

E.

October 10, 1833.



PSALM XXVII.


 GOD is to me a gladdening light,
 A help when none is near ;
 The Lord is still my strength and life.
 Say, whom then shall I fear ?
 Oh, yes, when they who hate me strove
 To sink my soul in hell,
 Thy guardian hand was there to save,
 And smote by Thee they fell.

Yea, though my foes encompass round,
 My heart at peace shall be ;
 Though troubles rise on every side,
 Yet I will trust in Thee.
 One thing alone I ask the Lord,
 In His loved courts to dwell ;
 To pass my days in serving Him,
 And see His beauty still.

Then when the hour of trouble comes,
 His hand shall hold me fast,
 And hide me in His secret fane,
 Till every danger's past.

He will then be a rock to me,
 And raise my head again,
 And I will pour my soul in prayer,
 And bless and praise Him then.

Hear me, my God, to Thee I cry,
 And when I hear that word,
 "Seek ye My face," my heart replies,
 "Thy face I'll seek, O Lord."
 Return, return! oh, be not wrath,
 For Thou my help hast been;
 Forsake me not, nor leave me now,
 Till I Thy face have seen.


When father, mother, all forsake,
 Then Thou, Lord, wilt uphold;
 Teach me Thy way, make plain my path,
 And lead me to Thy fold.
 Oh! did I not hope still to see
 Thy goodness here below,
 Long since my fainting soul had sunk,
 Oppressed with care and woe.

Wait on the Lord! oh, wait, I say,
 His righteous, holy will;
 Then He will prove thy strength and shield,
 And guard and guide thee still.

E.

October 6, 1833.

PSALM XXVIII.

 O Thee, O Lord, my rock, I cry,
 In silence hear me not,
 Or I shall sadly sink like those
 Who fall and are forgot.
 Oh! when I call hear Thou my voice,
 And bid my sorrow cease;
 Yea, save me when I lift my hands
 To Thy blest ark of peace.

And draw me not away with those
 Who love the evil path;
 Give them, O Lord, as they deserve,
 And smite them in Thy wrath.
 Because Thy works they ne'er regard,
 Nor own Thy guiding hand,
 Thou shalt consume them in that day,
 Nor let their counsel stand.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord my shield,
 For He hath heard my voice;
 I trusted Him and help hath come,
 Therefore will I rejoice.

Yea, I will sing and praise His Name,
For He will ever prove
A light, a shield, to those who know
And feel His boundless love.


Oh, save and bless Thy people, Lord !
To Thee for help I flee.
Oh, feed them with the Bread of Life,
And lift them up to Thee.

E.

October 11, 1832.



PSALM XXXIX.

 SAID that I would strictly watch,
 And guard each passing word,
 While those remain before my face,
 Who hate Thy Name, O Lord.

With silent grief I held my peace,
 And e'en from good refrained,
 Although to cease from praising Thee
 My inmost soul was pained.

My heart was hot, and while I mused,
 The fire within me glowed ;
 Until at length my burning thoughts
 In trembling accents flowed :—

Lord, let me know mine end, and when
 Life's fleeting span shall close,
 That I may feel how frail I am,
 Now bent with cares and woes.

Compared to Thee, my years are nought,
 Mine age an empty sound ;
 Yea, man when in his best estate,
 But vanity is found.

He like a fleeting shadow walks,
 And frets himself in vain ;
 He toils for wealth, nor knows at last,
 What hand shall reap the gain.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for ?
 Thou art my hope alone :
 Save me from all my hopes and fears,
 And make Thy mercies known.

I bowed resigned,—the stroke was Thine,
 I checked each murmuring thought ;
 Remove it now, my God, I sink
 Beneath Thine hand to nought.


When Thou for sin dost chasten man,
 His beauty fades away.
 Oh! surely all on earth is vain,
 And flies like parting day.

Oh, hear my cry, behold my tears,
 And grant my fervent prayer !
 Thou know'st I'm but a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.

Oh! spare me then! restore my strength,
 Before that awful day,
 When I shall leave this mortal scene,
 And flee away to Thee.

E.

PSALM XLII.

S pants the trembling hart to taste
 Those streams she ne'er shall see,
 So pants my soul for Thee, O God ;
 Yea, thirsts and longs for Thee.

When shall I come before Thy face ?
 For tears have been my food ;
 And while I sadly weep they say,
 Oh, where is now thy God ?

When I remember all the past,
 I pour my soul to Thee ;
 For oft they've gone, with songs of praise,
 To Thy loved courts with me.

Why art thou so cast down, my soul ?
 Why feel such sad dismay ?
 Hope still, thou yet shalt praise His Name
 Who is my strength and stay.

Oh, God ! my heart is sinking fast,
 But I will trust in Thee,
 Though all Thy 'whelming billows pour
 Their fiercest wrath on me.

For oh ! the Lord will love me still,
 And bless and cheer my way ;
 His love shall cheer me in the night,
 With joys that ne'er decay.

My God, Thou art my rock, my life ;
 Why hast Thou left me now ?
 How long must I in sadness mourn,
 Oppressed by many a foe ?

Yea, day by day they vex my soul,
 And while beneath Thy rod
 I humbly bow, they taunting ask,
 Where, where is now thy God ?

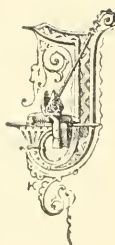
But why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 Oh ! hope thou still for good ;
 I yet shall joyful praise the Lord.
 My life, my light, my God.

E.

September 26, 1832.



PSALM XLIII.



UDGE me, O Lord, and plead my cause,
 On Thy strong arm will I rely ;
 Save me from those who hate Thy laws.
 Whose hearts from truth and mercy fly.

Thou art, O God, my strength and stay.
 Wilt Thou then cast me off again ?
 Wilt thou in this dark, stormy day,
 Leave my sad soul to sink in pain ?

Oh ! send to me Thy truth and light,
 To guide my steps in wisdom's way ;
 To point the path to scenes more bright,
 And lead me home at last to Thee.

Then, O my God ! with joy and praise
 To Thy loved courts will I repair ;
 To Thee glad songs of triumph raise,
 And seek, O Lord, to meet Thee there.

Why art thou then cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, thou yet shalt praise thy Lord :
 O'er thee His love shall cloudless roll,
 And peace and joy be thy reward.

E.

PSALM XLVI.



GOD is our refuge, strength, and stay.
 In trouble's dark and stormy day,
 A present help for ever near :
 Therefore, though earth's foundations shake,
 The ocean roar, the mountains quake,
 Our hearts shall feel no trembling fear.

For oh ! there is a river still,
 Whose peaceful streams with gladness fill
 The Zion of the Lord most high.
 She shall not move,—her God is there ;
 He holds her 'neath His sheltering care,
 And He will help her speedily.

The heathen raged, the nations all
 Were moved at once to meet their call.
 He spake, earth's tyrants shrank away
 Oh, yes ! their power we can deride,
 For God himself is on our side ;
 The Lord of hosts is now our stay.

Come, then, to see His works draw near ;
 Behold earth desolate, and fear,
 For He the Lord hath made them all :
 Earth's wars are silent at His word,
 He breaks the bow, He knaps the sword,
 And bids the iron chariots fall.

Be still, and know that I am God.
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Exalted now Thy Name shall be.
And we will joy without a fear,
For oh! the Lord himself is near;
The God of Jacob is our stay.

E.

January 19, 1834.

PSALM LVII.

BE merciful to me, O Lord,
 My hope, my trust is in Thy word :
 Beneath Thy wings I'll safely rest,
 Till every woe and trial's past.

Hear my voice, O God most high ;
 For strength and health to Thee I fly :
 To Thee, who on my helpless head
 Hast every gift and blessing shed.

Thou, Lord, shalt save me with Thine arm,
 From all who seek to do me harm :
 Yea, Thou shalt send Thy truth and love
 To light my path to realms above.

My trembling soul, perplexed, distressed,
 By all who hate Thy name oppressed,
 Seems sinking fast in sorrow's sea,
 And longs to flee away to Thee.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
 O'er all who tread the gem-decked sky :
 And far above this world below,
 Oh, let Thy dazzling glories flow !

My crafty foes in vain prepare
 To catch my steps in folly's snare,
 For in the pit they dug for me
 Their crafty souls were plunged by Thee.

My heart is fixed, O God, I raise
 To Thee the song of joy and praise;
 Awake my glory, wake again!
 With harp and lute I'll join the strain.

Thy praise shall sound on every shore.
 Thy name shall every land adore;
 The song of joy from earth shall rise,
 And fill the air and pierce the skies.

Thy boundless mercy, Lord, and love,
 Reach far beyond the heaven above;
 And, changeless as the polestar's gleams,
 Thy truth through rolling ages beams.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
 O'er all who tread the gem-decked sky:
 And far above this world of woe,
 Oh, let Thy dazzling glories glow!

E



PSALM LX.



O God, our God! thou hast in wrath
 Our bands dispersed, our leaders slain.
 And scattered darkness o'er our path.
 But turn Thyself to us again.
 The earth now shakes beneath Thy power.
 For Thou on it Thy wrath hast poured :
 Heal Thou its broken wreck once more,
 For lo! it trembles at Thy word.

Strange things Thy people now have seen.
 Of fear and woe a dark array;
 Yea, Thou hast made us drink the wine
 Of mingled wonder and dismay.
 But unto those who fear Thy Name,
 Thou hast in power and love conveyed
 A glorious banner girt with flame,
 To be in truth's great cause displayed.

And now to Thee, O God! I cry,
 I flee for help to Thee alone :
 Oh! send Thy succour from on high,
 To save Thine own anointed one.

Who will to Edom guide my path ?
Oh, wilt not Thou, the Lord of all ?—
Thou who didst cast us off in wrath,
And left our guilty hosts to fall ?

Be Thou our help, for in the day
When sorrow's dark and stormy wave
Sweeps all our fondest hopes away,
Oh ! vain the help of man to save !
But through our God we still shall stand,
Nor fear our fiercest foes to meet :
For He shall smite them with His hand,
And tread them down beneath His feet.

E.

October 8, 1832.



PSALM LXVII.

HAVE mercy on us, Lord,
 And bless us from above ;
 Oh ! let Thy face unclouded shine,
 With beams of light and love.

Grant, Lord, that all the earth
 May with Thy light be blessed,
 And every clime, from pole to pole,
 In Thee find peace and rest.

Let every nation join
 To praise Thy holy Name,
 And every heart and every voice
 Conspire to swell the strain.

Oh, sing for joy ! He comes
 On earth once more to reign ;
 And 'neath His sway the world shall rise
 To life and light again.

Let every nation join
 To praise His holy Name,
 And every voice and every land
 Conspire to swell the strain.

Oh ! then the earth shall yield
To us her full increase,
And God, our God, shall bless the land
With endless joy and peace.

Yea, God shall bless, and lo !
The darkness melt away ;
All nations fear His Name, and rise
To light and endless day.

E.



PSALM LXXVII.



O God I cried with humble voice,
 To Him my inmost feelings poured :
 Yea, when my soul refused to hear
 The voice of peace, I sought the Lord.
 I thought of Him, but still was sad,
 My spirit sank o'erwhelmed with woe ;
 For Thou dost hold my waking eyes,
 And grief forbids my words to flow.

I call to mind the days of old,
 The years for ever passed away,
 And then I commune with my heart,
 And search my spirit's inmost way.
 Will God for ever cast us off ?
 Will He return in love no more ?
 Can mercy ne'er be found again ?
 And is His gracious promise o'er ?

Hath God forgotten all His love ?
 In anger must His mercy fly ?
 Ah no ! I humbly bow and say,
 It is mine own infirmity.

And then I will remember still
 The years of Thy right hand, O Lord :
 I'll muse upon Thy handiworks,
 Thy blessings o'er our fathers poured.

Thy way is in the sanctuary,—
 Who is so great a God as Thou?—
 The God that doest wondrous things,
 And show'st Thy strength to Israel now?
 For Thou with Thine almighty arm
 Didst set Thy chosen people free ;
 The sons of Jacob, blessed of old,
 And Joseph, well beloved of Thee.

The waters saw Thee, Lord of all,
 The waters saw in mute dismay ;
 The depths were moved, the bursting skies
 Poured forth their arrows o'er Thy way !
 The thunders shook yon heavens on high,
 The lightnings gleamed o'er earth and main ;
 This trembling world Thy presence owned,
 And bowed beneath Thy feet again.

Thy way is in the trackless sea,
 Thy path upon the billows' foam ;
 What mortal eye can trace Thy course,
 Or dare to pierce Thy mantling gloom !
 'Twas Thon that with a shepherd's care
 Didst lead Thy chosen flock of old ;
 Didst guide them on by Moses' hand,
 And brought them safely to Thy fold.

E.

October 12, 1832.

PSALM LXXIX.

GOD! the heathen hosts have filled
 Thine heritage with woe;
 Thy holy place have they defiled,
 And laid Jerusalem low:

Thy servants' lifeless forms are left
 To be the vulture's prey,
 And one by one those sainted forms
 The wild beasts bear away.

Their blood like water flows around
 Those walls where once they trod;
 No friendly hand to lay their limbs
 At rest beneath the sod.

Yea, now from all our neighbouring foes,
 We bear reproach and scorn;
 But oh! our God, how long, like fire,
 Will Thy fierce anger burn?

On heathen lands that know not Thee,
 Pour down distress and woe,
 For they have wasted Jacob's bowers,
 And laid his altars low.

But oh ! remember not our deeds,
 Our former sins forgive ;
 Yea, in Thy tender mercy rise,
 And bid us once more live.

For we are brought to depths of woe,
 Yet still to Thee we pray ;
 Then for Thy Name's sake help us. Lord,
 And purge our sins away.

Oh ! wherefore should the heathen say,
 " Where, Jacob, is thy God ? "
 Let Him be known by vengeance now,
 For all His servants' blood.

And let Thine ear, O Lord, attend
 The captive's trembling sigh ;
 Stretch forth Thine arm of might, to save
 The victims doomed to die.

Yea, to our neighbours render now
 (But sevenfold in degree)
 The dark reproach, the impious scorn,
 That They have poured on Thee.

So we Thy people, we Thy sheep,
 That Thou didst lead so long,
 Will give Thee thanks, and praise Thy Name,
 In strains of endless song.

E.

February 9, 1834.

PSALM XCI.

HE who beneath the guardian wing
 Of God most high can firmly cling,
 Shall safe within His shadow rest ;
 Yea, to the Lord he still may say,
 Thou art my rock, my hope, my stay,—
 My God, who trusts in Thee is blessed.

For surely He who gave thee breath
 Will guard thee from the blast of death,
 And snares that o'er thy pathway spread ;
 And thou mayst rest beneath His wing,
 For He shall be thy covering,
 His truth thy fortress, shield, and shade.

Thou shalt not fear night's gloomy powers,
 Nor darts which strike in brighter hours ;
 Not e'en that messenger of fear,
 The pestilence which walks in night,
 Yet wastes as swift in noonday light,
 Shall wring from thee one trembling tear.

For though around thee every hour,
 Thousands may fall to rise no more,
 Smote by the dread Avenger's sword,

It never shall come nigh to thee ;
 But thou mayst calmly gaze, and see
 The end of those who hate the Lord.

For oh ! because thou long hast made
 That God, who is my shield and shade,
 Thy joy, thy refuge in distress,
 No evil shall thy lot o'ercast,
 No plague shall breathe its deadly blast,
 To blight thy home of blessedness.

For He will give thee to the care
 Of angel legions bright and fair,
 Who waiting stand around His throne ;
 And they shall safely keep thee now,
 And bear thee in their hands, lest thou
 Shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.

On lions thou shalt safely tread,
 And trample on the serpent's head,
 For I the Lord will guard thee still ;
 Yea, high o'er all thy name shall be,
 For thou hast set thy love on Me,
 And known and done My holy will.

When thou shalt call, then I will hear ;
 In trouble I will still be near,
 To help, to save, to honour thee.
 With length of days thou shalt be blessed,
 And safely led to realms of rest,
 There ever with thy Lord to be.

E.

November 24, 1834.

PSALM XCIII.



TH power the Lord returns to reign,
 In glory clad, with strength arrayed :
 A King He comes to earth again,
 To reign o'er all that He hath made.


Oh, God ! Thou form'st this world to last,
 Unmoved by time in every part ;
 Thy throne was fixed in ages past,
 And Thou from everlasting art.

The floods have raised their voice, O Lord,
 And dashed their foaming waves on high :
 But Thou art mightier far : Thy word
 Can calm the deep and still the sea.

Yea, far above all mortal power,
 Thy throne is in eternity !
 Thy promise stands for ever sure,
 And holiness belongs to Thee.

E.

PSALM XCVI.


 ING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Let all the earth the strain prolong ;
 Sing to the Lord, and bless His Name :
 And where no beam of heavenly light
 Has burst the gloom of heathen night,
 His wonders and His love proclaim.
 Oh ! be His name alone adored,
 For high and holy is the Lord.

Darkness is on the nations now,
 To senseless wood and stone they bow,—
 But God the heaven on high hath made ;
 Before Him light and glory glow,
 And in His sanctuary below,
 Are strength and beauty still displayed.
 Ye people all, your offerings bring ;
 Give glory to our heavenly King.

Come to His courts ; oh ! come to bless
 And worship Him in holiness ;
 Let nations fear Him and obey.

Say to the heathen, He shall reign,
 The world shall rise to life again,
 And rest secure beneath His sway :
 Yea, He shall bid oppression cease,
 And judge the earth in righteousness.

Let earth be glad ! let Heaven rejoice !
 And ocean's ceaseless sounding voice
 Proclaim the truth to every ear !
 Let hill and vale prolong the sound,
 Till earth and sky with joy resound,
 For lo ! the Lord himself is near.
 He comes ! He comes to earth again !
 He comes in love and peace to reign.

E.

September 27, 1832.



PSALM XCVII.

H, earth, rejoice! ye isles, be glad!
 Jehovah reigns, and reigns alone;
 Though clouds and darkness veil His face,
 Yet truth and might support His
 throne.

Before Him, fire His foes consumed,
 And o'er His pathway fiercely glowed;
 His lightning torch illumed the world,
 Earth startled, saw, and trembling bowed.

The earth like melting wax consumed,
 And at His presence fled away;
 The heavens declare His righteousness,
 And all the nations own His sway.
 But they who bow to wood and stone
 Shall feel the wrath that now is near;
 The Lord is King o'er all the earth,
 Oh! worship Him, ye gods, and fear!

Glad Zion's daughters sing for joy,
 Because of all Thy judgments, Lord;
 For Thou art now exalted high,
 By all obeyed, by all adored.

Oh! ye who truly love His Name,
 See that ye hate and flee from sin;
 Then He shall keep your souls in peace,
 From foes without and griefs within.

Lo! light is bursting through the gloom
 To glad the lowly spirit's way,
 And for the upright heart to pour
 A joy that ne'er shall fade away.
 Ye righteous few, rejoice in Him!
 He trod that thorny path before:
 Oh! call to mind His holiness,
 And bless and praise Him evermore.

E.

September 28, 1832.



PSALM XCVIII.

ING to the Lord! oh, raise the song!
 Great things His power hath done;
 His own right hand, His holy arm,
 The victory hath won.

The Lord hath made His mercy known
 On every distant shore,
 And heathen lands at length have seen
 His righteousness and power.

Oh, Israel! He hath called to mind
 His love and truth to thee;
 And every clime, from pole to pole,
 Shall His salvation see.

Let all the earth sublimely raise
 To Him the joyful sound,
 And let the strains of triumph roll
 The spacious earth around.

Sing to the Lord with harp and lute,
 Oh! raise the grateful song;
 The praises of our God and King
 Let every voice prolong.

Let all the earth, and all who dwell
 Within its spacious ring,
Conspire to raise their voices high,
 To bless our God and King.

He comes ! He comes to judge the world.
 With righteousness and power ;
He comes, with glory clad, to reign
 On earth for evermore.

E.



PSALM CXII.

HOW blessed is he who loves the Lord,
 Whose hope and trust are in His word,
 And who with joy and holy fear
 Can feel his God is ever near !

His seed shall dwell on earth in peace ;
 And e'en when all his labours cease,
 His earnest prayers and tears may shed
 A blessing on his children's head.

That peace which makes the bosom glow,
 That wealth the world can never know,
 The hope of realms of endless day,
 Shall bless and cheer His earthly way.

And e'en when all around is gloom,
 When every joy has found a tomb,
 And not one ray of hope appears
 To mark the dawn of brighter years ;

Yet still a beam of heavenly light
 Can pierce the darkest shades of night,
 And pour its radiance through the gloom,
 To light the way-worn pilgrim home.

The man whose heart is fixed on high,
 Still bends to earth a pitying eye ;
 The more his hopes of glory glow,
 The more his love to men below.

And surely he shall ne'er be moved,
 Who while on earth of God was loved :
 And many a tear for him shall flow,
 When in the grave he's sleeping low.

No dread of evil tidings near
 Can move his soul with trembling fear :
 His heart is fixed,—God's love he knows,
 From whom all peace and comfort flows.

And oh ! his peace shall still remain,
 When those who viewed his joy with pain.
 And all who hate Thy name, O Lord,
 Shall melt like snow-wreaths at Thy word.

E.



PSALM CXXIII.

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 From thence to look for aid ;
 From Him alone my help shall come,
 Who heaven and earth has made.

He shall not let thy footsteps stray,
 But still thy soul shall keep ;
 The Guard of Israel's watchful eye
 Can ne'er be closed in sleep.

For God, the Lord, is He whose hand
 Shall be thy shield and shade ;
 No sun by day, nor moon by night,
 Can touch thy guarded head.

Oh yes; from all that's evil here,
 From sin, and pain, and care,
 The Lord shall safely keep thy soul,
 And all thy sorrows bear.

Thy going out and coming in,
 Our God shall still watch o'er,
 And guide thee on from this time forth,
 Yea, e'en for evermore.

E.

September 29, 1832.

PSALM CXVII.



WHEN from the distant heathen land
 The Lord led Zion home,
 'Twas to her sons like some fair dream
 Of blessings yet to come.

Oh, then our lips with triumph raised
 To Heaven the grateful strain,
 While every thankful voice prolonged
 The joyful sound again.

And when our baffled, vanquished foes,
 Beheld His conquering sword,
 Upon His work they gazed with awe,
 And cried, "It is the Lord!"

Yea, 'tis the Lord! His mighty arm
 Great things for us hath done,
 And for all these our blessings here,
 We praise His Name alone.

And now return once more, O Lord,
 And like the sweeping wave
 That rolls along the southern plains,
 Stretch forth thine arm and save.

Then, though we sadly sow in tears
Along this weary way,
We'll reap the fruits of purest joy,
In brighter worlds of day.

For He who bears the precious seed,
Though now forlorn he roam,
Will come again with joyful steps,
And bring his harvest home.

E.

August 4, 1830.



PSALM CXXX.

FROM the deep swelling waves
 Of sorrow's stormy sea,
 To Thee, my God and King, I cry,
 Oh, hear and answer me.

Lord, hear my mournful cry,
 And let Thy listening ear
 Attend the voice of my complaint,
 And grant my fervent prayer.

If Thou shouldst strictly mark
 The erring sinner's way,
 Who could abide Thy piercing glance?
 Oh, who could stand Thy day?

But mercy's pardoning voice,
 With Thee, O Lord, is found;
 And contrite sinners hear Thy love,
 And tremble at the sound.

And so my anxious soul
 Doth wait for Thee, O Lord;
 My trust is in Thy promise sure,
 My hope is in Thy word.

Aye, more than those who watch
For morning's earliest ray,
And long to catch her first pale beam,
So waits my soul for Thee.

Oh, Israel, trust in God,
With Him is mercy found;
With Him thy full redemption rests,
To heal each smarting wound.

He will redeem thy soul
From every sin and woe;
And every humble, contrite heart,
His truth and love shall know.

E.



PSALM CXXVIII.

BY the waters of Babylon wearied we lay,
 Amidst us how many a sorrowful breast !
 For we sadly remembered our homes far away,
 Yea, we wept when we thought upon Zion
 the blest.

Our harps, whose loved tones of soft melody gave
 A voice to our joy in those loveliest bowers,
 We hung on the willows that wept o'er the wave,
 As if in soft pity for sorrow like ours.

But the foes who oppressed us in bondage and fear,
 Asked music and mirth of a heart-broken band,
 And they who had torn us from all we held dear,
 Cried, "Sing us a song of your beautiful land!"

But oh, how shall we pour forth Thy melody, Lord,
 In a land where as strangers and bondmen we roam ;
 Oh, how shall we *here* wake the echoing chord,
 Which so often has gladdened our own happy home!

If I e'er should forget thee, O Zion, beloved,
 Let my hand never sweep the bright harpstrings again ;
 Let my tongue rest for ever in silence unmoved,
 If I love Thee not more than all earth can contain.

But remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
 In Thy once-loved Jerusalem's stormiest day,
 How they dashed down her bulwarks with fire and with
 sword,
 And shouted, "Sweep all her foundations away!"

Oh, daughter of Babylon, yet thou shalt see
 A day of destruction, of anguish, and gloom;
 And thrice happy the man who shall pour upon Thee
 A lot like our own, a more terrible doom.

Yea, happy the man, when thy last hour is come,
 And the clouds of dark horror are gathering around,
 Who shall bear off thy babes from thy desolate home,
 And dash them in pieces against the cold ground.

E.

October 22, 1832.



PSALM CXXXIX.



THOU, Lord, hast searched and known my
 ways,
 Mine inmost feelings meet Thy gaze;
 Thy presence all my path enfolds,
 Each thought and word Thine eye beholds.

Above, below, yea, all around,
 I feel Thy hand—Thou still art found.—
 Such wisdom soars too high for me:
 What mortal thought can compass Thee '!

Oh, where shall I Thy presence fly,
 Oh, where escape Thy searching eye?
 In Heaven above—in Hell below.
 Where'er I turn to, there art Thou.

Yes, if on Morning's dewy wings,
 With rapid flight my spirit springs,
 O'er ocean's utmost bounds to dwell,
 Thy right hand guides and guards me still.

And if I say, Night's darkest hour
 Shall shield me from Thy searching power.
 Ah, no! for then it turns to light,
 And shows me still beneath Thy sight.

Yea, darkness hideth not from Thee,
 But bright as noon's refulgent ray,
 To Thee the shadowy midnight glows,
 And every thought and action shows.

Lord, I will praise Thy holy Name,
 For strange and fearful is my frame ;
 Wondrous in all Thy works art Thou,
 As well this grateful heart doth know.

Long ere I saw the light of day,
 Thine eye could trace mine earthly way ;
 O God, how precious is each thought
 To me, with all Thy mercies fraught!

How great their sum! no tongue can count
 The drops which flow from that pure fount ;
 More than the sands which bound the sea:
 When I awake I'm still with Thee.

Thou wilt, O Lord, the wicked slay,—
 Ye sinful men, away, away !
 They dare to speak against Thy Name,
 And e'en Thy holy word defame.

Do not I hate those impious bands
 Who hate Thy holy, just commands ?
 Do not I grieve to see them rise,
 As though they were mine enemies ?

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
 Oh, try each inmost thought apart,
 And see if evil dwells in me,
 And lead me in the way to Thee.

E.

August, 1831.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR my humble, fervent prayer,
 Give ear, my God most high,
 And in Thy faithful righteousness,
 Oh, hearken to my cry :
 But enter not in judgment, Lord,
 For who could meet with Thee ?
 Oh, who in Thy most holy sight
 Could stand, and guiltless be !

The foe of man hath grieved my soul,
 And filled my heart with gloom ;
 He long hath made me dwell in night,
 Like that which wraps the tomb.
 Therefore my sinking spirit mourns,
 My couch with tears I wet ;
 My heart with sadness seems oppressed,
 And I am desolate.

I call to mind the days of old,
 The years for ever flown ;
 I muse upon Thy handiworks,
 On all that Thou hast done :

Then unto Thee I lift mine hands,
 For in this barren waste
 My heart and spirit thirst for Thee,
 And long Thy love to taste.

Hear me, O Lord, for I am sad,
 My heart is vexèd sore ;
 Save me, or I shall sink like those
 Who sleep to wake no more.
 At early morn let me again
 Thy love and mercy see ;
 Oh, point the path that I should tread,
 And lift my soul to Thee.

Hide me beneath Thy sheltering wing,
 To Thee for help I come ;
 Teach me to do Thy will, O God,
 And lead me safely home.
 Oh, let Thy Spirit's quickening beam
 Now pour its brightest ray,
 Shed life and light upon my soul,
 And gild mine onward way.


E.

October 5, 1832.



NICOLAS TOKE.

FROM HIS MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

AIR spreads the unstained page before me
 now ;
 No thought recorded stains its virgin snow,
 No dream of hope, no memory warm and
 dear,

Has yet awoke to find a being here,—
 But all lies passive, till the magic mind
 Bids the blank page a living utterance find.

And say, what untried music, what new theme,
 To grace the opening volume best may seem,
 And o'er its first page hopeful radiance cast :—
 Oh! who can tell if ever reached the last ?
 Nay, Dearest, no new theme, no untried strain,
 Shall be the first to wake my harp again ;
 But thy loved name the key-note still must be,
 To touch the slumbering chords of harmony,
 And all the varied notes that round it ring,
 Must mingle still with that one master string.

* The hues of Autumn, deepening round us fast,
 Proclaim that now the warm bright days are past.

And every paling leaf and fading flower,
 Tells of the coming blast, the wintry hour ;
 But still a summer gladness seems the while,
 On this bright hour to shed a transient smile,
 And all—at least to me—looks blithe and gay,
 To greet the morn of this, thy natal day !
 Dearest, since first with falt'ring tongue I strove
 To twine for thee a simple lay of love,
 How many a year o'er our old home has passed,
 Each borne on swifter pinions than the last !
 How many a change has marked with varied hue
 Our lot in all—save love still warm and true !
 Yes ; hand in hand and heart in heart entwined.
 We strive 'mid chance and change, true peace to find,
 And though each year its cares and sorrows brings,
 Yet mercies drop unceasing from its wings,
 And we with grateful hearts, whate'er befall,
 Must bless the Gracious Hand that gives us all.

Belovèd Husband ! take once more from me
 The only gift that I can bring to thee ;—
 Deep, heartfelt blessings, many an earnest prayer,
 That God may keep thee still with ceaseless care,
 Shield thee, and those so dear, from every ill,
 And be in life and death thy refuge still ;
 Till all our kindred group, earth's perils past,
 A band unbroken, meet in Heaven at last.

E.

October 6, 1848.

LINES.



O! would that thou wert here, my love,
 To sit on this grey stone,
 And gaze on all the pleasant scene,
 Hill, vale, and heathery down!
 And would that all our little ones
 Were racing o'er the lea,
 Drinking the pure elastic air,
 And shouting in their glee!

Oh, fairer then than even now,
 Would all around me seem,
 And brighter far would be earth's smile,
 Beneath the summer beam.
 But vain the wish,—so I will rest
 Once more on this grey stone,
 And think of thee, and strive to feel
 That I am not alone.

Ay, fair and bright, and peaceful too,
 Is all that meets the eye;
 The rich green woods, the emerald turf,
 The glowing summer sky:

Before me spreads a wild expanse,
 Dark heath and woody glen,
 But all around peep gaily forth,
 The haunts and homes of men.

Up starts the lark beneath my feet,
 And like a sound of Spring,
 The cuckoo, with her ceaseless note,
 Flies past on heavy wing:
 The swallow twittering, whirls around,
 And every living voice
 Seems, with one hymn of praise, to bid
 Each weary heart rejoice.


How does a scene like this awake
 The glow of early years!
 And dreams of youth return again.
 With all their smiles and tears.
 The cares, the shades of life depart,
 Love, peace, and truth remain;
 And sunshine, clear as childhood's, rests
 Upon the heart again.

Oh that thou wert but here, my love,
 To sit beside me now!
 Oh that the breeze, which fans my cheek,
 Could breathe upon thy brow!
 Fain would I ask that gentle wind,
 Love's messenger to be,
 And waft the blessings that I breathe,
 To all so dear to me.

E.

Tunbridge Wells, June 4, 1849.

LINES.


 THE noon of Autumn now with chastened
 mirth
 Falls bright and still upon the teeming earth
 With all that placid calm, that tranquil glow,
 The evening of the year alone can know ;
 For though the Spring's fresh gladness has gone by,
 And Summer radiance lights no more the sky,
 Yet, 'mid the wreck of glories passed away,
 Still brightly fades the year's declining day,
 And o'er her evening hour that charm is shed,
 All own so sweet, all mourn so quickly fled.

Dost thou not, Dearest, feel the soothing power,
 The holy calm that rests upon this hour ?
 Meet emblem, as I trust it long may prove,
 Of that united lot, that path of love
 We now have trod together many a year,
 Through shade and sunshine, scenes of varied cheer,
 Of anxious cares, of pleasures pure and bright
 As this world can bestow,—the joys that light
 A happy home, where love and concord dwell,
 And every dear one sent the band to swell,

Of kindred hearts, but adds another tie
 To those strong links, that bind our destiny
 In happiest bands ; and as we gaze the while
 On each fair face that lights with loving smile
 Our own old home, still purer, deeper flows
 Affection's welling fount, still stronger grows
 The holy bond, that knits with cords of love
 Our hearts on earth, and oh ! we trust, above.

And on this day, the day of all most dear,
 That tells of thy dear life another year
 Has passed in peace, Dearest, wilt thou once more
 Receive the tribute offered oft before,—
 Of warm affection, love that only grows
 The deeper, as time's onward current flows ;
 And earnest prayers, that ever on thy head
 Heaven's best and choicest blessings may be shed ;
 That, 'mid the clouds which shade earth's darkening eve,
 The restless waves that round her bulwarks heave
 With gathering might, God's guiding hand may still
 Shield thy loved head from every touch of ill ;
 Guard thee in sunshine, guide thee through the night,
 And lead thee on, with His unfading light,
 Till thou, and all so dear, earth's perils o'er,
 May meet before His throne, to part no more.

E.

October 6, 1849.

SONNET.



H! doubly hallowed was thy natal morn,
 My precious babe! the day for ever blest,
 Which God himself hath sanctified: the
 rest

For weary hearts with toil and trouble worn;
 And on that day, the angel's shadowing wings
 Bade Judah's holy Maid prepare to be
 Mother of Him, who, though the King of kings,
 Yet took the form of man, for man to die.
 Oh, dearest child, on all thy path of life
 May the calm gladness of a Sabbath day
 Be ever shed; and in this world of strife,
 Still be it thine, with lowly faith to say,
 Like her of old, "Behold thy handmaid, Lord;
 "Be it to me according to Thy word."

E.

March 25, 1850.

SONNET.



H! gently breathe upon my languid brow,
 Reviving breeze! the breath of early Spring;
 Her coming gladness floats upon thy wing,
 With sweet though distant fragrance; sweet-
 est now,
 When through this feeble frame, the genial glow
 Of health returning seems new life to shed,
 And wake in every pulse the happier flow
 Of early years, and days for ever fled.
 Oh, voices of the past! ye lingering dwell
 'Mid songs of birds, and scents of vernal flowers:
 The sights, the sounds, I long have loved so well,
 All waft me back to childhood's golden hours,—
 Yet blend with grateful praise for peace and truth,
 And holiest joys that now have crowned the hopes of
 youth.

E.

April 11, 1850.

SONNET.



THOU enviest the gift of poesy,—
 And 'tis a glorious power, to bear along
 The hearts of thousands on the tide of song,
 To rouse the bondman and enchain the free!
 And rare as genius such as this may be,
 Yet many a spirit of far gentler mould,
 Thrills with that mystic inborn melody,
 Which tuneful numbers can alone unfold.
 But all earth's brightest gifts have their alloy;
 And minds refined and sensitive, that glow
 Responsive to the lightest touch of joy,
 Yet feel the keener every breeze, and bow
 Where firmer spirits shrink not. Well if years
 Bring calmer, holier thoughts, to still both hopes and
 fears.

E.

April 20, 1850.

LINES.

BRIGHT shine the dewdrops at the dawning
 hour,
 Sparkling with light each leaf and blade
 appears;
 The sun ariseth, soon from bud and flower
 Passeth the magic of those early tears:
 Though, with its genial power,
 Fast falleth the soft shower,
 Or the fierce thunder torrent bursteth o'er the plain.
 Yet the bright tear-genmed smile,
 That decked the morn awhile,
 Through the long summer's day, can never come again.
 And in life's dawn, though soon the tear may fall,
 Yet Heaven's own sunshine sparkleth on its dew;
 No after hours can drops like those recall,
 No time the freshness of that morn renew;
 Soon with the coming years
 Shall rain the heavy tears
 Of grief and disappointment, penitence and pain,
 Yet blessèd if they leave
 A calm and tranquil eve,
 A sun that setteth here, to rise more bright again.

E.

September 9, 1850.

SONNET.




WELCOME, grave Autumn! though thy
fading flowers,
And leaves of sadder hue, all seem to
tell

That Summer now has breathed her long farewell.
Yet sweet to me thy still and tranquil hours;
For with them still returns the joyful day
That gave to earth my chiefest blessing here,
The loved of youth,—the Husband, doubly dear,
With every year that glides too fast away.
For now, mine own! with all thy present love
A thousand memories true and tender blend,
A thousand hopes their buoyant wings extend,
To lighten sorrows all on earth must prove.
Oh, Dearest! may God's blessing be our portion here,
Then come what may, our path must still be sure and
clear.

E.

October 6, 1850.

CHRISTMAS.


 RIGHT dawns the Christmas morn: yon clear,
 cold sky
 Spreads o'er the earth a cloudless canopy;
 All Nature smiles, and e'en her sternest hour.
 Her deep mid-winter, feels the genial power
 Of that glad day, when first the strain began,
 "Glory to God on high, and peace to man."

Oh, blessèd season! how thy welcome calm
 Falls on the hurrying, restless world, like balm!
 It seems a foretaste of a holier clime,
 A pause amid the ceaseless whirl of time,
 When all may gird them for another year,
 And find fresh strength to bear, fresh hope to cheer.
 E'en 'mid the crowded city's loud turmoil,
 Its busy crowds and round of endless toil,
 A welcome shadow in a weary land
 Thy coming seems. To thee the hardy band
 Of labour's sons, in every varied sphere,
 Look forward through the long and weary year,
 And hail thy welcome morn, with hearts that seem
 To drink fresh youth beneath thy wintry beam,
 And in the joyous music of thy chimes,
 Forget past cares, and hope for better times.

But, 'mid the thoughts of high and holy things,
 The sacred memories which this season brings,
 How clear again before the mental eye
 Rise long-past scenes, and happy days gone by!
 How swiftly crowd upon our hearts again,
 Kindred and friends who met together then!
 Yes, all are there ;—familiar faces come
 To fill with life our childhood's happy home,
 And well-known voices ring upon the ear,
 Whose blended tones earth ne'er again may hear.
 Those once close bands are broken : never more
 Shall meet below, that group who met of yore :
 No more shall mingle round the Christmas blaze,
 The laughing voices of those merry days.
 Oh, never more! some fill their quiet graves,
 And all, wide scattered on the world's rough waves,
 Share in the common lot of toil and strife,
 And bravely battle 'mid the war of life ;
 Yet turn perchance like me, on this glad day,
 To long-past years, and loved ones far away,
 And, 'mid the mirth around them, breathe a sigh
 O'er hopes departed, and bright dreams gone by.

Yet think not that we murmur : if those dreams
 Of morn have vanished, yet the midday beams
 Fall bright and calm around us ; other ties,
 Far dearer, closer,—sweetest charities
 Entwine our heart of hearts, and bind us here,
 With all the purest joys that make life dear.
 Our loved ones cluster round us, and once more
 We see renewed in them *our* days of yore ;


Their merry voices, that so blithely ring,
 Sound like the echo of our own brief Spring:
 And as, with heart-warm blessing, fond caress,
 On this glad morn each upturned brow we press,
 We feel, whatever cares disturb us now,
 Yet, blessèd, happy is our lot below:
 And pray, that every Christmas yet to come,
 May dawn as bright upon our peaceful home,
 And find us wiser, better, far more meet
 With holy joy this sacred morn to greet:
 Thankful and glad to feel, with every closing year,
 Our earthly lot more blest,—our Heavenly Home more
 near.

E.

Christmas, 1850.



LINES.


 Y love, I brought no wreath of song,
 Thy last birthmorn to cheer,
 For on my heart there seemed to rest
 A weight of anxious fear:
 I dared not, ere the day was come,
 Speak of its joys to thee,
 Yet feel, perhaps that morrow's morn
 Might never dawn for me.

But now, when God, all-merciful,
 Has spared my life once more,
 And with fresh hope and gladness made
 Our cup of joy run o'er, —
 Fain would I tell how gratefully
 I feel thy constant love,
 Which seems, with every trying hour,
 More deep, more true to prove.

Yes, Dearest, if in early days,
 When youth and hope were ours,
 Thy warm affection seemed the sun
 That gladdened earth's best flowers,

Far dearer has that love become
 With life's advancing years,
 Still brighter shines with every cloud,
 That sunlight on its tears.

Together we have journeyed on
 For many a happy year,—
 Together passed through light and shade,
 'Mid scenes of varied cheer;
 And surely 'tis God's choicest gift,
 When heart with heart thus shares,—
 Rejoicing, doubles all our joys,
 And lightens half our cares.

And cares there are,—those precious ones,
 Whose merry voices ring
 Around us now, full many an hour
 Of anxious thought must bring:
 But we will still receive them all
 As blessings from above,
 And trust they may, in future years,
 Our truest blessings prove.


And when upon our onward path
 Clouds may their shadows cast,—
 Then let us turn, and look upon
 The mercies of the past;
 And pray, whatever storms may break
 Our noon of life's repose,
 That at the last, our evening hour
 In holiest calm may close.

E.

December 1, 1851.

BIRTHDAY HYMN.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.



T-O-DAY another happy year
 Of my young life is past;
 The morn to childhood's heart so dear,—
 My birthday, comes at last.

Fond parents me their darling bless,
 Upon this joyful day,
 Kindred and friends around me press,
 And all is glad and gay.

Father! Thy tender love alone
 Has poured these gifts on me;
 Help me with grateful heart to own
 All blessings come from Thee.

Oh, make me still, with every year,
 A better child become,
 And lead me in Thy faith and fear,
 Till reached my heavenly home.

Oh, bless both me and all I love;
 Keep us from every ill;
 And grant that we may meet above,
 A band unbroken still.

E.

September 2, 1852.

LINES.



ONCE more, my love, once more.
 We wander by the waves,
 And listen to old ocean's roar,
 Re-echoed from his caves.

That music of the deep,
 Chimes fitful as of yore,—
 Now gentle as an infant's sleep,
 Now thundering on the shore.

Dost thou not feel the sound,
 Like some familiar strain,
 Can make the manly heart rebound,
 With childhood's joy again?

The voices of long years,
 All-gathered to their graves,—
 The dreams of youth, its hopes and fears,
 Speak in those breaking waves.

Yet now, to me, that voice
 Of ocean seems to say,
 That fain with us he would rejoice.
 Upon this happy day.

Each tossing billow seems
 To break with lighter spray,
 And sparkling in the morning beams,
 To wish thee joy to-day.

Fond fancies these may be,
 Yet 'tis the echoing heart
 That makes the same deep melody,
 Sorrow or joy impart.

And e'en the mournful swell
 Of yonder lonely sea,
 At this glad hour can only tell
 Of hope and bliss to me.

Oh, Dearest! may each year
 That yet for thee shall rise,
 But find thee with fresh blessings here,
 And nearer to the skies ;

And every passing wave,
 Of life's eventful sea,
 Touched with that light earth never gave,
 Melt into peace for thee.

E.


Hythe, October 6, 1852.

FLORENCE, sweet Florence! sainted, suffering
 child,
 Our grievous loss is thy eternal gain :
 Thy little life was one long day of pain ;
 But, by earth's lightest shadow undefiled,
 Baptismal drops still bright upon thy brow.
 Thy rest is won. From sin and sorrow free,
 We know that thou art safe for ever now ;
 And weep, but for ourselves and not for thee.
 We miss thy sunny smiles and winning ways,
 The thousand charms that made thee more than dear ;
 But though this cloud must shadow all our days,
 We would not if we could recall thee here ;
 And only pray, when our last hour is come,
 Where all are such as thou, we too may find our home.

E.

January 30, 1853.




 UPON this very day, ten years ago,
 A ring of plain pure gold thou gavest me,
 The mystic symbol of thy lifelong vow,
 Thy solemn pledge of love and constancy:
 And well that pledge has been redeemed by thee:
 For since that hour, alike in sun or shade,
 Thy warm affection, never-changing truth,
 And ceaseless tenderness, have well repaid
 The trust of early years, the love of youth;—
 Aye, thrice repaid it all! No mystic ring
 Of precious import, can I bid thee wear,
 Belovèd Husband! yet the gift I bring,
 Accept, with many a blessing, many a prayer,
 And keep, for sake of *her*, who loves thee now,
 Even more than in life's dayspring, ten blest years ago.

E.

July 4, 1847.





NCE again the day is dawning,
 We so oft have loved to meet;
 Once again, our children's voices
 Thy birthmorn, belovèd, greet.

Blithely as they ring around thee,
 In their tones of childish glee,
 Yet how true and warm the blessings
 Breathed from those young hearts on thee.

And if they, in life's glad spring-time,
 Feel for thee such earnest love,
 Deeper far the fond emotion,
 That my graver heart must prove.

Years of tender, warm affection,
 Gentleness and changeless truth,
 Every day must closer bind me
 To the one beloved of youth.

In the hours of hope and gladness,
 Thou hast made each joy more dear;
 In the days of deepest sadness,
 Still thy love could soothe and cheer.

Well, then, may I fondly welcome
 This bright morn which gave thee birth;
 Well may Autumn's chastened glory
 Fairer seem than spring-time's mirth.

Yet, though loved ones cluster round us,
 Still, an angel face is near,
 A voice upon mine ear is ringing,
 Earth no more can ever hear.

One sweet flower for us has faded,
 The dearest of our infant train;
 Yet to this sad world we would not
 Recall her, if we could, again.

But only pray each year may find us
 Nearer to that blessèd shore,
 Where she is safe from every sorrow,
 And we may meet to part no more.

E.

October 6, 1853.





WHEN o'er my weary eyes at last,
 The dew of slumber falls,
 How clear the visions of the past
 That world of dreams recalls!
 I live among the dead once more,
 Their voices round me ring ;
 The forms, the faces loved of yore,
 Float by on angel's wing.

Father and mother! ye are near
 To bless your child again ;
 Sisters beloved! kindred dear,
 Ye crowd around me then.
 Familiar voices, childish days,
 The friends of early youth,
 All blend in one commingling haze
 Of fiction and of truth.

And thou, my angel child, more dear,
 More wept than all the rest,
 How oft thine image comes to cheer
 Thy mourning mother's breast !
 I clasp thee to my heart, mine own !
 I kiss thy cheek once more.
 Alas! in this world, dreams alone
 Can that loved face restore.

No marvel that I long to sleep,
 And live again those years ;
 No marvel that I wake to weep,
 But oh! not bitter tears.
 For blessèd be His boundless love
 Who gave and took away ;—
 We know, that safe with Him above,
 Ye wait the awful day.

In that calm land, where earthly fears
 And griefs for ever cease,
 The infant and the full of years
 Together rest in peace.
 And we, though sorrowing and bereft,
 Must strive in faith and prayer,
 Thankful for countless blessings left,
 At last to meet them there.

E.

October 4, 1854.





NCE more, my love, once more, though faint
and worn

The poet's fire that erst so bright could
burn,

Yet must I strive to greet the joyful morn
That sees Thy natal day's return.

For though how changed since youth and health were
mine,

When every hour its own delight could bring,
When o'er the past a mellowed light could shine.
And hope to greet the future spring!

Yet 'mid the clouds that shade our noontide day,
The cares and griefs which seem our portion here,
One joy remains to glad mine onward way,
One light that darkened sky to cheer.

Oh! thankful must I be for that deep love,
Which changes not as changing years pass on,
But only seems a purer faith to prove.
When all that gave it birth is gone.

For if I loved thee in the joyous time
Of life's bright dayspring, its unclouded skies,
It is when conscious of her fading prime,
That woman love like thine can prize.

And though around us cares and sorrows press,
 Yet countless mercies hover o'er us still;
 And we with thankful hearts the hand must bless
 That still with joys our cup can fill.

And oh! how thankful, that while war and death
 Have plunged alike in mourning hut and hall,
 No fondly loved one fills a grave beneath
 Thy blood-stained walls, Sebastopol!


No, still our children cluster round our hearth;
 And while in life and health *they* glad our home,
 We well may smile upon the cares of earth,
 And look with hope on years to come.

God bless them all! and mayst thou live to see
 Their pathway that for which our hearts have yearned;
 Each prove in turn Heaven's choicest gift to be,
 A blessing lent from God, to Him with joy returned.

E.

October 6, 1855.




AINLY, belovèd, have I tried to meet
 This happy time as in the days of yore,
 And once again in joyful numbers pour
 A heart-warm lay, thy natal morn to greet.
 Alas! the shadow of the past still falls
 Too darkly round me with its clouds and fears ;
 And every day like this but more recalls
 A grief too recent still for aught but tears.
 O that whate'er our span of future years
 On earth shall be, that darkest hour may prove
 The cloud from whence a guiding light appears,
 To lead us on with hearts and hopes above,
 Until we meet those loved ones gone before,
 Where grief shall pass away, and tears shall be no
 more.

E.

October 6, 1856.



“ME hurries on, years pass us like the wind ;”
 Canst thou, beloved, deem that on this
 day
 Full twenty years have swiftly passed away

Since first for thee a birthday wreath I twined ?

Ah, silent years ! bright hours for ever fled !

How memory lives again your hopes and fears.

The love, the peace, like sunshine o'er ye shed.

The griefs that oft have dimmed that light with tears !

But still united, one for good or ill,

Together may we meet life's joys or cares :

To see our children cluster round us still.

And live again our sunny youth in theirs :


And pray that with our loved ones gone before,

We all at last may meet, where partings are no more.

E.

October 6, 1857.




 LOOK on the yellow leaves, the drooping flowers,
 The lengthening darkness, and the fading
 day ;
 All tell for us that Summer's joyous hours,
 Perchance for ever, now have passed away.


Yet turn thou to the bright and clondless sky,
 The mellowed sunshine, and the moon's soft ray.
 And see how heaven still seems to draw more nigh,
 As earthly glories one by one decay.

So, Dearest ! if life's lengthening shadows fall
 The deeper round us with each onward year,
 And even days like this but more recall
 The fondly loved, the lost for ever, here ;

Yet still may gathering glory from on high
 Shed round thee more the brightness of the blest ;
 Gild every passing cloud that dims thy sky,
 And light the path that leads to perfect rest.

E.

October 6, 1858.


 AS when the sunbeams, their bright noontide
 past,
 O'er the green earth a mellowed radiance
 cast,

And though around the lengthening shadows lie,
 Still tinge with deeper glow the distant sky ;
 The wanderer pauses on some lofty ground,
 And casts a long and lingering glance around ;
 Looks back once more upon the lengthened way
 His feet have trod, since morning's earliest ray ;
 The hill-tops still with rosy sunshine bright,
 The vales where deepening shadows close in night :
 Then turning, muses o'er his path to come,
 Now dim with twilight, veiled in misty gloom,
 And sees with beating heart and glistening eye,
 His distant home against the evening sky ;—

So, Dearest ! when on days like this we cast
 One lingering look upon the chequered past,
 Retrace again the pathway of long years,
 The scenes together shared, the smiles, the tears,
 That still with sunshine light departed hours,
 Or fall like dew on early faded flowers ;
 Wilt thou not bless with me the joyful day
 That gave to each another earthly stay,
 And own that wedded love's mysterious power
 Can cheer the darkest, light the brightest hour ?

God's best and choicest blessings rest on thee,
Belovèd husband ! may thy pathway be
Still calm and peaceful, if not bright as yore ;
And though around us clouds, as oft before,
Shall seem to gather, yet may light from high
Show us our home against the evening sky,
And lead both us, and all our cherished band.
Till one by one we reach that better land,
And joyful hear the voice that bids us come,
The lost to meet, the loved to welcome home.

E.

October 6, 1859.





UR wedding morn ! and thou art far away :
 Between us mountains rise and blue waves
 foam :
 Yet well I know, that to thine own loved
 home,

Thy thoughts are wandering on this happy day.

And oh ! to thee what longing wishes stray !

For thee what fervent prayers are breathed, that He
 Who bade Bethesda's waves all pains allay,

May now the healing waters bless to thee !

And while, with anxious heart, I ponder o'er

How many a weary mile between us lies,

Hope whispers still of brighter hours in store,

When thou, from warmer climes and sunnier skies,

Shalt reach once more the home, then doubly blessed,

With health restored, and anxious wearing thoughts at
 rest.

E.

July 4, 1860.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

CHART CHURCH, AUGUST 13, 1865.



E must not mourn for thee, my broken
flower!
Purer and dearer than earth's fairest
bloom,
Nor weep to think, how brief thy fleeting hour
Of hope and joy,—a cradle and a tomb.
Ah no! for ere one shade of faintest gloom
Had dimmed the light of young love's cloudless day,
The darkness came; our darling passed away,
And we are left to mourn her early doom.
But not with bitter tears; for far above
All earthly hopes, around the Cross, had twined
Her helpless heart, in trustfulness and love;
And now, all sin and sorrow left behind,
Safe on her Saviour's breast, she waits to see
Her loved ones come. Oh, Darling! who could weep
for thee?

E.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.




GOD! Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be ;
 Thou knowest how both joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee :
 Thou knowest that our frailty
 In Thee alone is strong ;
 Oh ! look on our infirmity,
 And let us not go wrong !

Be Thou our strength ! protect us now
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wert born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power !
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who sin and suffer long ;
 Then oh ! 'mid all our cares and woes,
 Still let us not go wrong !



THE ASCENSION DAY.

HOU hast gone up on high!
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 And captive led captivity,
 Thy ransomed ones to save.
 Thou hast gone up on high!
 Oh! help us to ascend,
 And there with Thee continually,
 In heart and spirit blend.

Thou art gone up on high!
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
 Oh! let the Comforter be near,
 To lead us to our rest.


Thou art gone up on high!
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony,
 To pass unto Thy crown.

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be,
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high!
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky,
Attendant on Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ORD God! the strength and stay of all
 Who put their trust in Thee,
 Oh! let our prayers, when thus we call,
 In love accepted be.

Our mortal nature, weak and frail,
 In Thee alone can stand;
 Our best and purest efforts fail,
 Without Thine aiding hand.

Oh! grant us then both strength and grace,
 To keep Thy precepts still;
 And strive, through all our mortal race,
 Simply to do Thy will.

O Lord! make clean our hearts within;
 Forgive us all the past;
 And fit us, freed from every sin,
 To see Thy face at last.

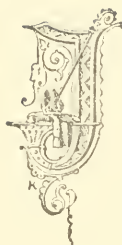
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LORD ! of all power and might,
 Author and Giver Thou,
 Of every good that sheds a light
 Upon our pathway now,

Graft in our hearts the love
 Of Thy most holy Name ;
 Shed richly on us from above,
 Religion's purest flame.

Nourish us with all good,
 Keep us in paths of peace :
 And bring us, through a Saviour's blood,
 To joys that never cease,



SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

ESU ! by whose almighty grace
 Was holy Andrew called to be
 First in the glorious Christian race,
 First to leave all and follow Thee ;

Oh ! let Thy Spirit guide our choice,
 E'en now while it is called to-day ;
 Like him to hear Thy gracious voice,
 Like him to doubt not nor delay.

And oh ! if we through grace may find
 Thy pardoning peace our souls within,
 Then help us, with true brother's mind,
 A brother's heart for Thee to win.

So, when our earthly race is run,
 When Thou Thy ransomed ones shall own,
 We, and the souls that we have won,
 May shine like stars around Thy throne.

SAINT THOMAS'S DAY.



THOU! who didst with love untold
 Thy doubting servant cheer,
 And bade the eye of sense behold,
 What faith should have made clear;
 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
 To own Thee God and Lord,
 And from his hour of darkness, draw
 A fuller faith's reward.

And while that wondrous record now,
 Of unbelief we hear,
 Oh! let us only lowlier bow,
 In self-distrusting fear;
 And pray that we may never dare
 Thy Spirit so to grieve,
 But at the last their blessing share,
 Who see not, yet believe.



SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY.



LORD! in all our trials here,
 Whate'er those trials be,
 Help us, without one doubt or fear,
 To cast our care on Thee ;
 To look from earth to yon bright sky,
 And there, by faith behold
 The glories hid from mortal eye,
 To mortal ear untold.

And if contempt, reproach, or loss,
 We suffer for Thy Name,
 Teach us to triumph in the cross,
 To glory in the shame ;
 With gentle words and actions kind,
 Requite our bitterest foe,
 And as we mercy hope to find,
 So mercy to bestow.

Oh for his spirit ! martyr true !
 Who, with his last faint breath,
 Prayed for the fierce, relentless crew
 That wrought his bloody death !
 Oh for his faith ! who even there,
 Soft as an angel, smiled,
 And with one calm, confiding prayer,
 Slept like a weary child.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.



H ! God of mercy ! chill and dark
The waters swell around Thine ark ;
Send forth, we pray, fresh streams of light,
To guide her through the deepening night.


Long has she straggled 'mid the waves ;
But louder now the tempest raves,
And with the world's fast closing eye,
Wilder the restless billows heave.

Fierce foes without, false hearts within,
Rebuke and conflict, shame and sin,
At once Thy sorrowing Church must brave ;
O Lord ! stretch forth Thine hand and save !

Let that sure word her beacon be,
The loved disciple caught from Thee,
And traced upon the holy page,
To light her on from age to age.

Oh ! to that faith still keep her true ;
Now 'mid the storm her strength renew ;
Till, washed in blood, refined by tears,
Meet for her crown, Thy Bride appears.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

LORY to Thee, O Lord!
 Who, from this world of sin,
 By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword,
 Those precious ones didst win.

Glory to Thee, O Lord!
 For now, all grief unknown.
 They wait in patience their reward,—
 The martyr's heavenly crown.


Baptized in their own blood,
 Earth's untried perils o'er,
 They passed unconsciously the flood,
 And safely gained the shore.

Glory for them! for all
 The ransomed infant band,
 Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
 And reached the quiet land.

Oh that our hearts within,
 Like theirs, were pure and bright!
 Oh that, as free from wilful sin,
 We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
 Thy cleansing grace to claim;
 In life to glorify Thy power,
 In death to praise Thy Name.

SAINT PAUL'S DAY.

E bless Thee, Lord, for that clear light,
The dayspring from on high,
That burst upon the Gentile night,
And bade the darkness fly.

We bless Thee for the joyful sound,
First sent by holy Paul,
The voice that woke earth's utmost bound,
To hear Thy gracious call.

And as in him fierce, ruthless zeal,
Touched by Thy love, became
An ardent thirst for others' weal,
A pure and holy flame :
So in our hearts all wrath dispel,
All bitterness destroy ;
And let Thy mind within us dwell,
Thy love and peace and joy.

And of Thy mercy, hear our cry
For this long-favoured land,
That now, as in the days gone by,
Her strength may be Thy hand ;

That still the great Apostle's sword
Undaunted she may wield,
And find that never-failing word
Her weapon and her shield.

May she her holy lot fulfil,
Earth's sanctuary to be,
And stand amid the nations still,
A witness true for Thee.
And when the last dread trumpet's sound
Upon her ear shall ring,
Grant that her children may be found
Prepared to meet their King.



THE PURIFICATION.

THOU! who didst, though Heaven's great
 King,
 For us earth's lowest lot endure,
 And to Thine house vouchsafe to bring
 The humble offering of the poor;
 Make clean, we pray, our hearts within,
 Subdue in us all earthly pride,
 And let each rising thought of sin,
 In tears of penitence subside.

Thou wert for us the sacrifice,
 The spotless Lamb for sinners slain;
 Oh! let Thy blood, of countless price,
 Cleanse us from every guilty stain.
 Thine image in our hearts restore,
 That so, before Thy Father's throne,
 When heaven and earth shall be no more,
 Thou mayst present us as Thine own.

SAINT MATTHIAS'S DAY.



GOD! upon this solemn day,
A day of warning and of fear,
Help us with guileless lips to pray,
With lowly hearts to Thee draw near.

For awful is the thought, that he
Who saw Thy face, who heard Thy call,
And shared the mystic cup with Thee,
So fearfully at last could fall!

From guilt like his, from deadly sin,
O God! in mercy keep us free:
The fatal seed may lurk within;
Then help us, lest we fall from Thee.

And for Thy holy Church we pray,
That Thou wouldst keep her, as of old,
Alike from shepherds who betray,
And sheep that wander from her fold.

With holy pastors bless her still,
Faithful and firm to lead her on,
Through light and darkness, good and ill,
Till earth is past, and Heaven is won.


THE ANNUNCIATION



THOU, to whose all-seeing eye
 Earth's mysteries are clear,
 Who bright as noontide canst desery
 What we deem darkest here ;
 Make us in lowly faith rejoice,
 With her, who on this day
 First heard the angel's wondrous voice,
 And heard but to obey.

For though on duty's narrow path
 Dark clouds awhile may rest,
 One light the weary spirit hath,
 To feel, Thy way is best !
 And say, " Whate'er betide, yet still
 Behold Thy servant, Lord !
 Be it to me, through good and ill,
 According to Thy word."

SAINT MARK'S DAY.

ORD of all light and life,
Our only refuge Thou,
These are the days of doubt and strife,
Oh ! hear and help us now !

Our childish years are passed ;
May we no more again
Like children veer with every blast
Of doctrine strange and vain :

But rooted firm on Thee,
And 'stablished in Thy word,
Make us in heart and spirit be,
A people of the Lord.

And may that shining light,
Left by Thy saints of old,
Still guide Thy flock through storm and night,
In safety to Thy fold.

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES'S DAY.



FATHER! whom in truth to know
Is evermore to live,
On us that choicest gift bestow,
That blessed knowledge give.

O Christ! the true and living Way,
That leads alone to God,
Help us to follow, day by day,
That path Thou first hast trod.

O blessed Spirit! only Thou
In truth canst guide us still;
Be near us, teach us, help us now
To do Thy holy will.

Lead us along the narrow road
By saints and martyrs trod,
Till reached at last their blessed abode,
The City of our God.

SAINT BARNABAS'S DAY.



H! God of comfort! Thou alone
 The throbbing heart canst still,
 And with that peace earth cannot give,
 The lonely bosom fill;
 Upon the wounded spirit, Thou
 Canst pour Thy healing balm,
 And shed o'er life's hot, weary day
 The dew of holiest calm.

O that to us Thou wouldst in love
 That blessèd gift impart,
 And make us "sons of comfort" prove
 To many a weary heart!
 O that like holy Barnabas,
 Full of Thy faith and fear,
 Our daily path might leave a glow,
 Like angel footsteps, here!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

PR Toke -
5671 Poems.
T33A17
1866

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 372 629 6

PR
5671
T33A17
1866

